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THE SPHERE, FEBRUARY 26, 1944
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXXVI No 2301 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC FEB. 26 1944

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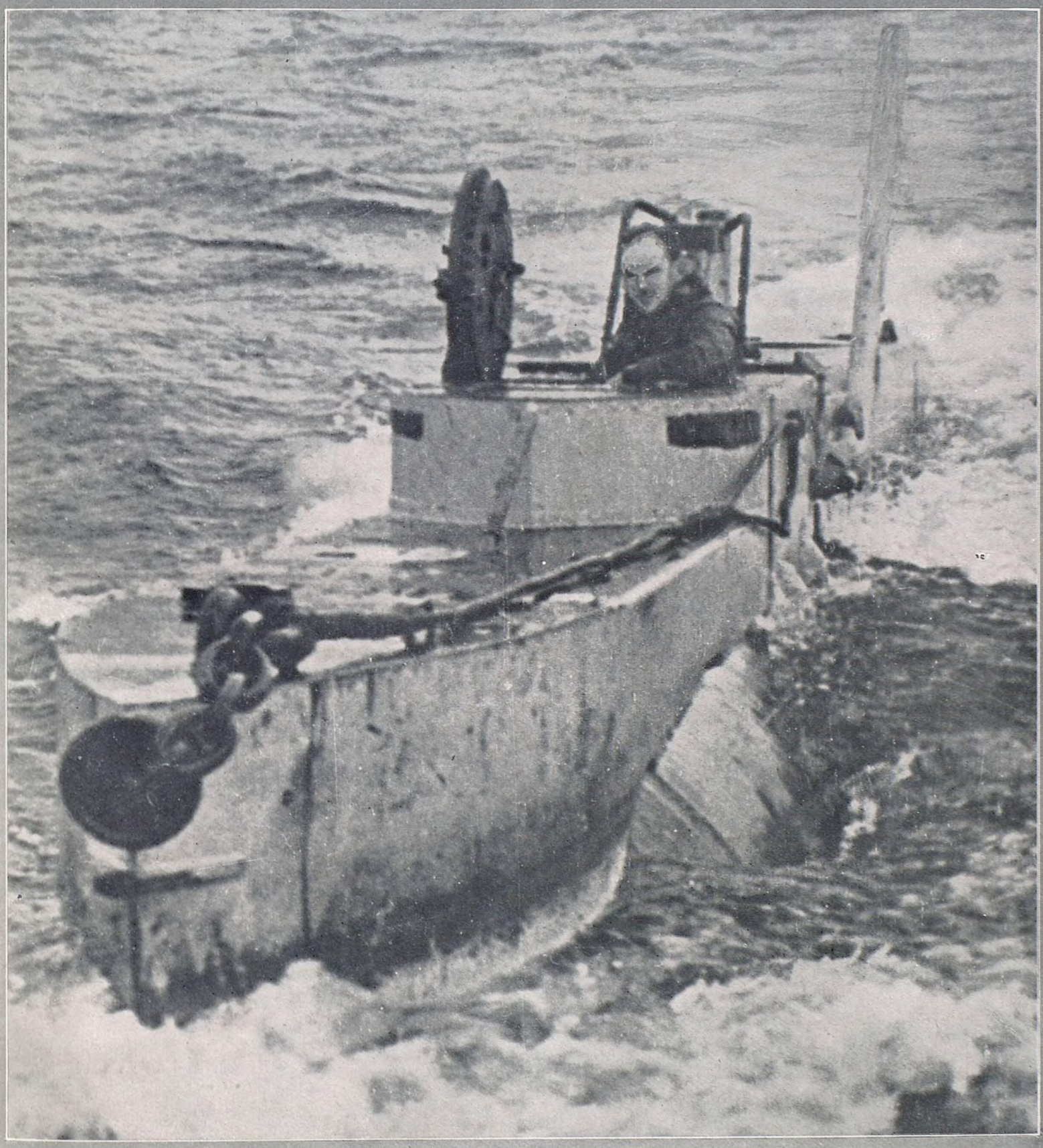
Volume CLXXVI No. 2301 The SPHERE, London, February 26, 1944

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly



BRITAIN'S MIDGET SUBMARINES—THE FIRST PICTURES TO BE RELEASED OF THE "X CRAFT" which attacked the German battleship "Tirpitz" in the Alten Fiord in Norway on September 22, 1943. (See *also page 259 of this issue*)

On October 11 last, the Admiralty first released details of a daring exploit carried out by the Royal Navy in the preceding month against the German battleship *Tirpitz*, then lying in an inaccessible inlet —the Alten Fiord—in the extreme north of Norway. In this action Britain's secret "X craft," or midget submarines, were used for the first time. The 40,000-ton German battleship, biggest unit in the Nazi Navy, was hit underwater by torpedoes from these tiny craft, and severe damage was caused as the *Tirpitz* lay at anchor. Now, six months later, the Admiralty have released the pictures reproduced above and on page 259 of this issue: these show the external features of what will probably prove to be the most interesting and compact of all naval vessels evolved during the course of the present war. Many details of the vessel's construction are still secret; but these new pictures will at least give some indication of the nature of the "midgets" whose existence so stirred the imagination of British people

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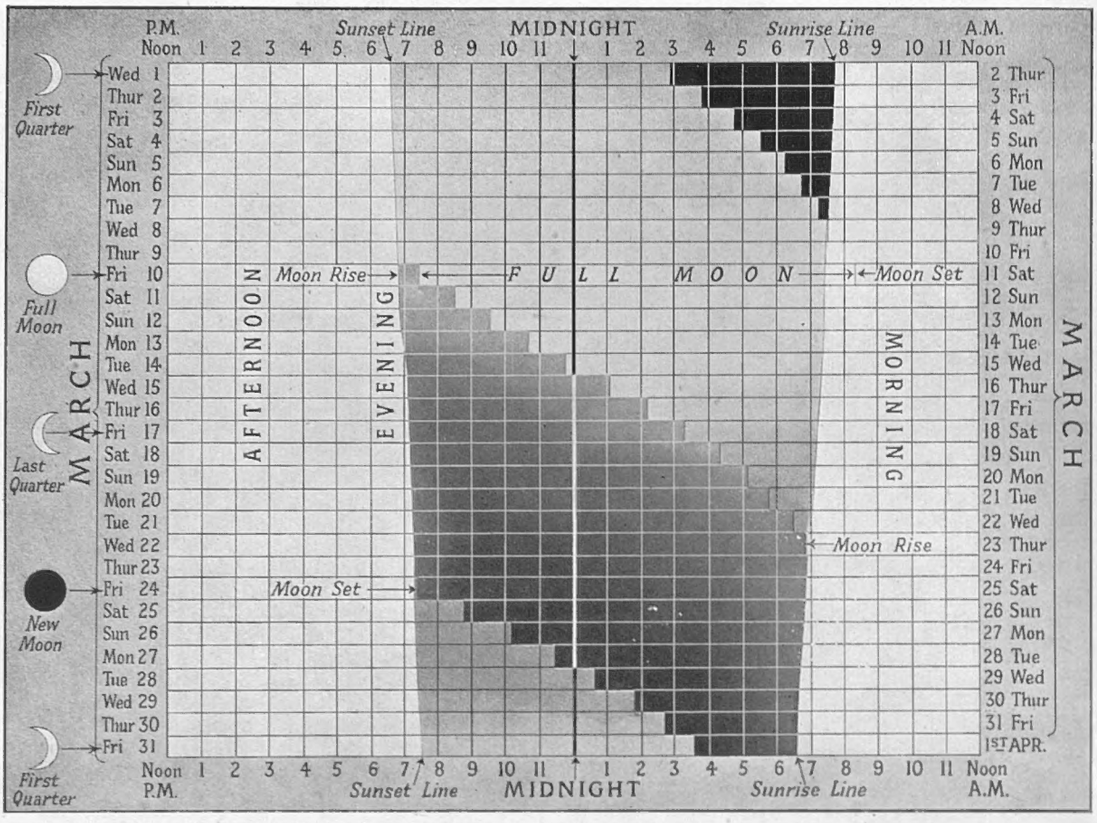
A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 234

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

A By-Election Lesson.—West Derbyshire was written for Mr. Churchill's learning. Mr. White hoisted the red light. It was a red, white and blue election—healthy patriotism by electors of a free nation who are proud of their patriotism *and* of their freedom of thought and action. No reason at all for the Prime Minister to feel blue. But every reason for him to recognise a strong conviction in public opinion. A conviction that this Parliament is all too little representative, that in war and peace electors in a free country *must* be left free to choose their representatives without tickets, coupons and guidance; that a great people is *conscius recti*, and dislikes to be whipped into patriotism and "directed" into unity, when it regards these virtues (and practises them) as an essential duty of citizenship in wartime. Why in the world the Prime Minister of all men—a doughty champion of freedom of thought and action—should at this time of all others misunderstand this clear and intensely sincere opinion, and underrate the greatness of our race and our obstinate determination to resist dictatorship in questions concerning which we still retain the right of freedom of choice . . . I simply cannot comprehend. The answer, I suppose, is that he is too busy, too preoccupied with the war, to sound the heart of the man in the street. It is a pity, and a mystery; for Mr. Churchill is a famous interpreter of the usually inarticulate aspirations of the common man in Britain. On this issue, the common man has found his voice, unmistakably. And unmistakably he supports Mr. Churchill as war leader. To mix up local politics with patriotism is an odd thing for a great and experienced and typical Englishman to do—at any time.

"Hard Pounding, Gentlemen."—My five-year diary—that invaluable companion of a journalist and a philosopher—assures me again and again that *this* is the season of the year *par excellence* for jumping powder and stimulants, in war or peace. I spoke of those further peaks which always appear when the "final" peak is won at last, another barrier to be scaled, another summit on the everlasting uphill road. That is February; that is life. "The road winds uphill all the way." He that endures to the end shall be saved. All the great leaders, military and civilian, in the history of wars have recognised it and expressed this naked truth and commonplace in their own way. Remember Wellington's "Let us see who can pound the longest." General Clark put out his own version: "The enemy is tired." If we are tired (and we *are*, all of us; very tired, and we show it in a score of ways, petulant, quarrelsome, cynical, floppy), what of the Nazis? Never in the history of battle has any nation received such a pounding, day in, day out, non-stop, with no relief in darkness, no let-up from weather conditions. The spring comes, the dawn comes, victory comes, like a thief in the darkest phase of night. Suddenly, "by Heaven, the bold sun is in the room, shining, shining." Suddenly, the Old Guard wavered on the bloody slopes of Mont St. Jean and "our whole line advanced." Suddenly, the German hordes, holding commanding heights at Villers Bretonneux, rolled back more quickly than we could pursue them. Of a sudden, the worst turns the best—to those who pound the longest. The end of night, winter, stalemate, war, comes, like a young man's love, with the divine surprise of suddenness. It will be so again, if we pound on in the fog. We are tired. Yes, but *can you doubt* that the Nazis are more tired? With absolute certainty, we can measure the weariness and stress of the Nazis by assessing our own, and trebling the sum.



"THE SPHERE" MOONLIGHT CHART FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH, showing the period of no moonlight and the period when the moon will be at its full

A limited number of these charts will be supplied free of charge on application to the Publisher, "The Sphere," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, W.C.1, but 2½d. in stamps must be enclosed with the application

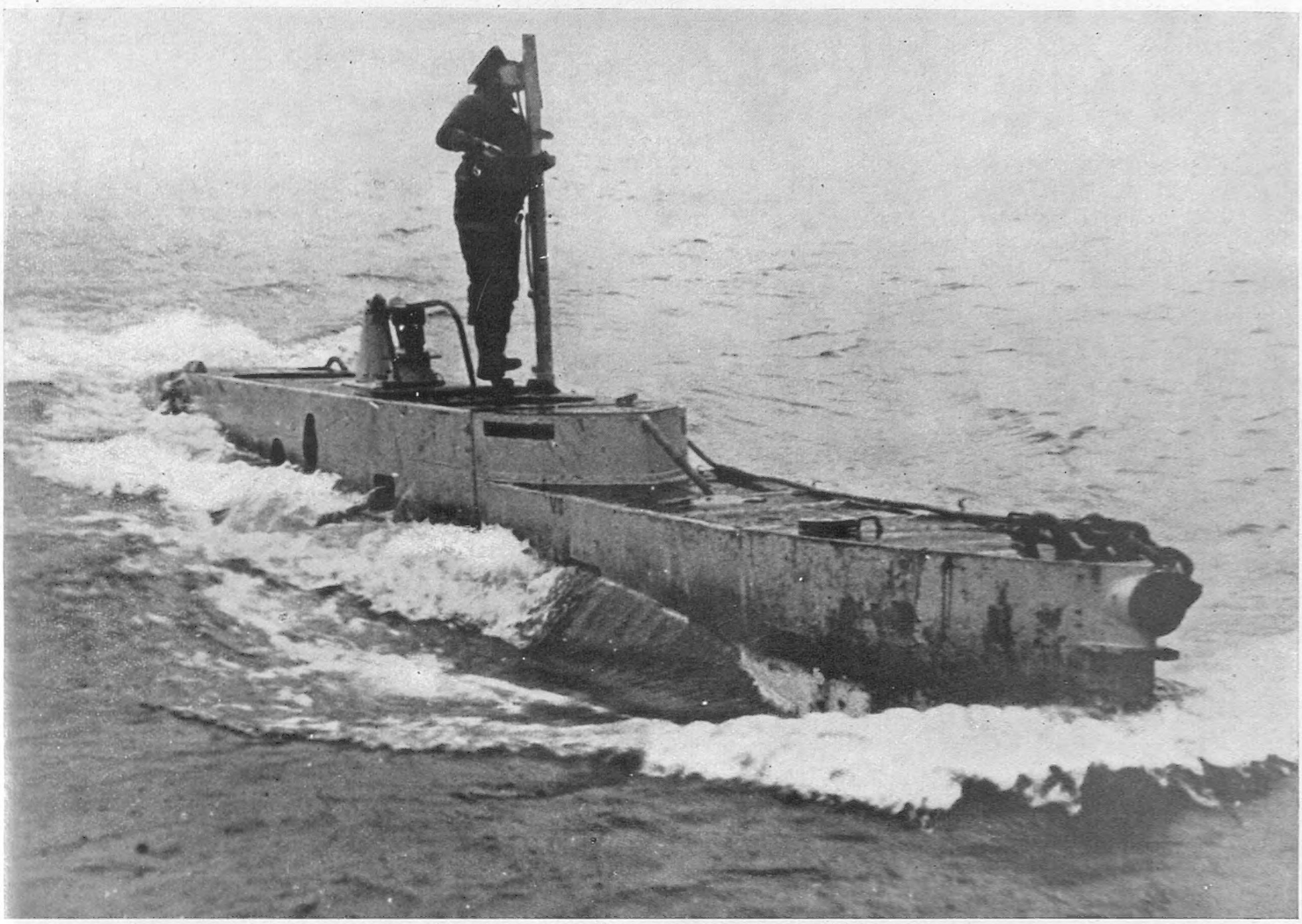
Berlin's Morale.—This is a non-contentious note. No one (least of all Bishop Bell) ever suggested that "our airmen bomb Berlin in order to terrify Berliners." That is the Nazi contention (and their own practice), and Nazis are sub-human. We are not such fools, to put it no higher; we have never wasted powder on elusive targets like morale, when there are plane factories and railway bottlenecks and dams available. Hence my surprise (and doubt) when I hear that our airmen were "hurt and discouraged" by Bishop Bell. Our airmen carry out orders with invariable precision and courage, and have no call to reason why. It will be time to "reason why" when and if they are called on to bomb village schools and children in lanes. That time is not likely to come. Therefore, this note is non-contentious. It deals with an article which appeared in the *Evening Standard* on February 16, in which was marshalled in the most convincing and complete manner evidence from many sources by eye-witnesses of the effects of the Battle of Berlin on civilian morale. All these proofs pointed to one clear conclusion. The appalling test has been magnificently endured. The morale of the ordinary Berliners (of whom probably 1,500,000 still live in the city's ruins) is simply admirable, and can be compared, not to their disadvantage, with that of Londoners in 1940-41. This fact (and I accept it as fact) supports the contention of those of us who prophesied that bombing could never break (but, on the contrary, would weld) the spirit of a virile people; and it disproves the assurances of those journalist-best-sellers who wrote their "inside Europe" wisecracks in 1940 and 1941 (which the reading public accepted as gospel) to the effect that the bombing of Berlin on a large scale would shorten the war by years, *because Berliners simply could not stand up to bombing.* These journalists guessed wrong, as journalists often do; and the truth is worth recording, to correct wishful thinking and to knock down any misconceptions which may still subsist concerning Allied bombing policy.

A London Peculiar.—At three o'clock on February 16 I was standing at the bottom of St. James's Street, and saw a huge indigo blanket or ceiling advancing from the north and covering the line of Piccadilly. Only twice before in my life do I remember to have seen this curious phenomenon, peculiar to London, in so intense and menacing a form. It was not fog, but a clear-cut pall of indigo, drawn like an expensive black-out curtain over the sky-light of London; a few minutes later, total darkness descended on London, and so remained for 25 minutes, when the whole city was lit only by the electric bulbs shining from uncurtained windows. It was rather terrifying, and justified the momentary suspicion among the inexperienced that here at last was Hitler's secret weapon and vengeance descending on our Capital. Not a few, I believe, had a thought for their neglected gas-masks while the total eclipse lasted. Perhaps the plague was sent as a warning to the complacent. If so, it was a very well-executed propaganda stunt, staged upon one of the foulest days I recall for a visit to London. Yet, weather apart, it proved for me one of the most interesting and delightful visits to London since the war began.

THE OLD STAGER

THE LEADERS OF THE NEW GIRLS' TRAINING CORPS at a Conference in London with the Editors of the women's periodicals

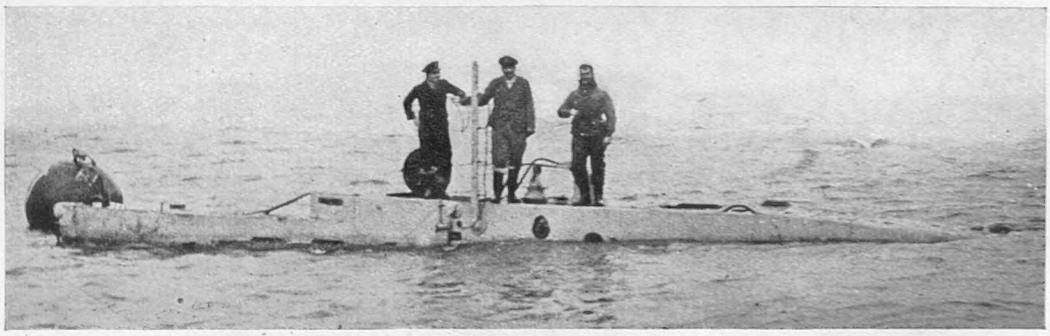
The Girls' Training Corps is a recent innovation, formed to meet the needs of girls from sixteen to eighteen years of age, who were banded together of their own accord to find some means of training preparatory to going into the Services: it is also an organisation which very definitely prepares girls for service to the community in many aspects. At a recent meeting in London, representatives of the Girls' Training Corps from England, Scotland and Wales explained their aims to a number of editors of women's publications. The above group was taken at the meeting: from left to right, seated, are seen—Lady Carey Evans, the Marchioness of Graham, Lady Stratheden, Mr. E. O. Norton (chairman), Miss Grace Browning, Miss West, Miss L. Brown, Miss Cooper and Miss Bernice Smith



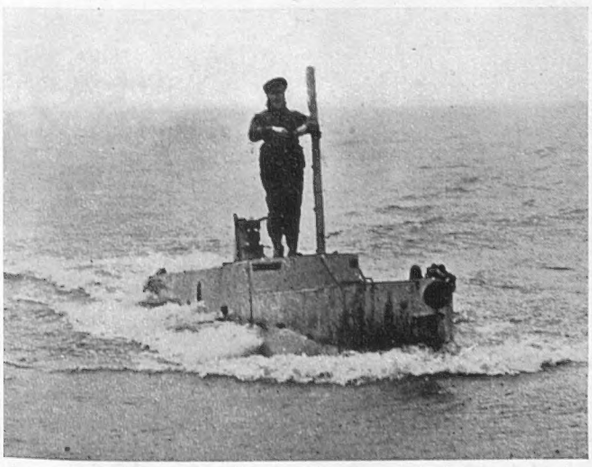
ONE OF THE MIDGETS UNDER WAY, SHOWING A MEMBER OF HER CREW ON DECK BY THE PERISCOPE. The hull of the vessel only emerges about 3 ft. above the water, and there is no normal conning-tower as in the case of a full-sized submarine

THE X CRAFT OR MIDGET SUBMARINE of the Royal Navy

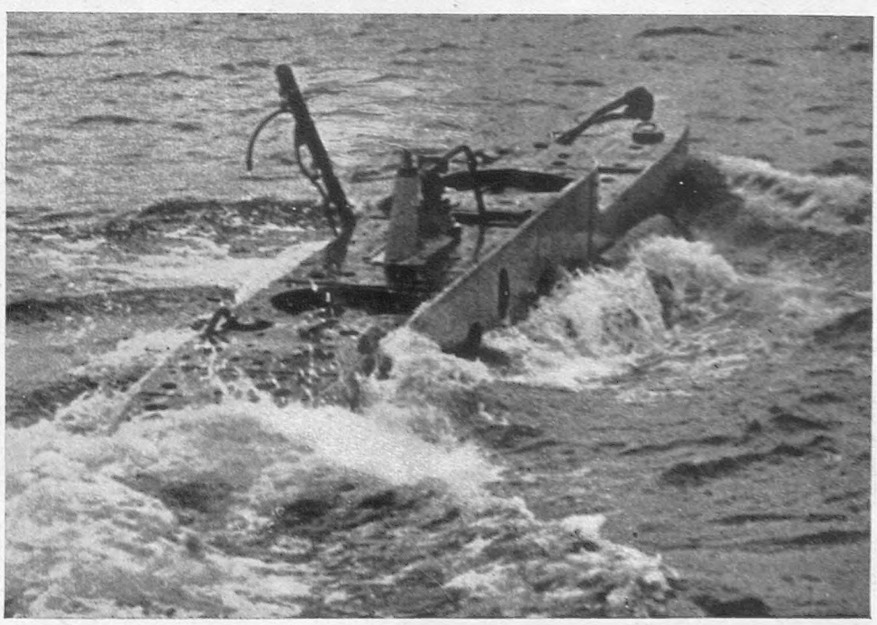
Quite early during the war it was known that the Italians and Japanese were in possession of a number of "two-man" midget submarines, and it is thought that the Soviet also possess similar craft. It was not until October 1943, however, that the British public were made aware of the fact that we too, possess "X craft," or midget submarines When the attack on the *Tirpitz* in the Alten Fiord of Norway was carried out in September last, it was vessels of this type which wrought the severe damage then inflicted on the big German battleship. Substantial details of the "X craft's" construction are still secret, of course, but it would appear that each vessel is manned by a crew of three, and that the craft generally are "scaled-down" models of *real* submarines. It is thought that in the *Tirpitz* attack these midgets were carried aboard a bigger vessel and launched from such a distance that their voyage to the objective and their return to their floating base was practicable



ONE OF THE NAVY'S X CRAFT IN PROFILE ON THE SURFACE: in length it is no bigger than a fair-sized launch. Apparently, each vessel carries a crew of three. There are no deck guns



A HEAD-ON VIEW OF A MIDGET UNDER WAY. The periscope is contained within the upright post



FORGING AHEAD TOWARDS ITS OBJECTIVE: an impression of the X craft with hatches closed as it drives forward under its own power

AN "ASSAULT GUN" MOUNTED ON A TANK CHASSIS MAKING OBSERVATION OF INFANTRY POSITIONS during an exercise in England under real battle conditions. This is one of the weapons which the American Army will use during the invasion of Europe

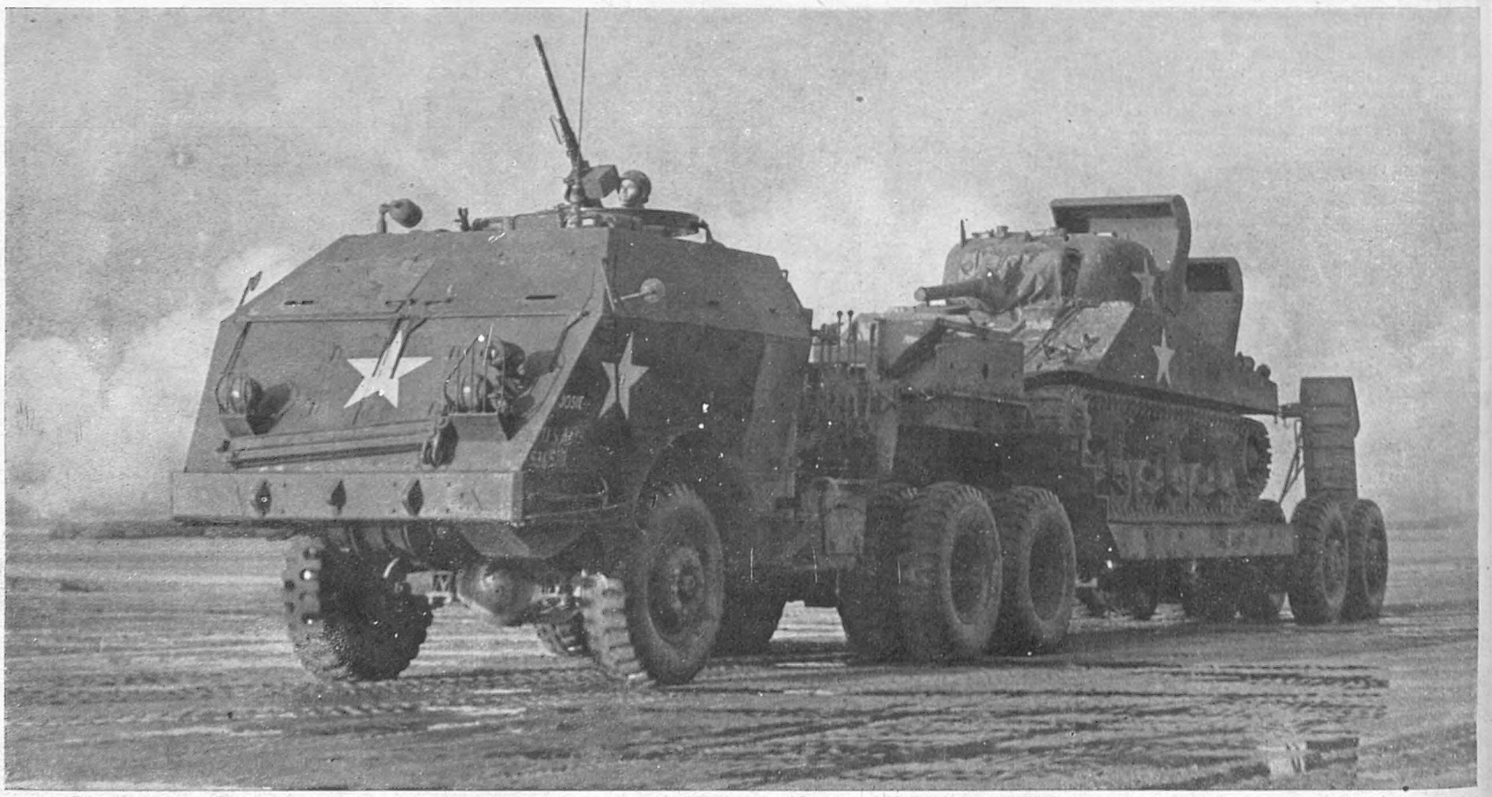
PREPARING for INVASION

The Men and Weapons which will Take Part in the Great European Assault

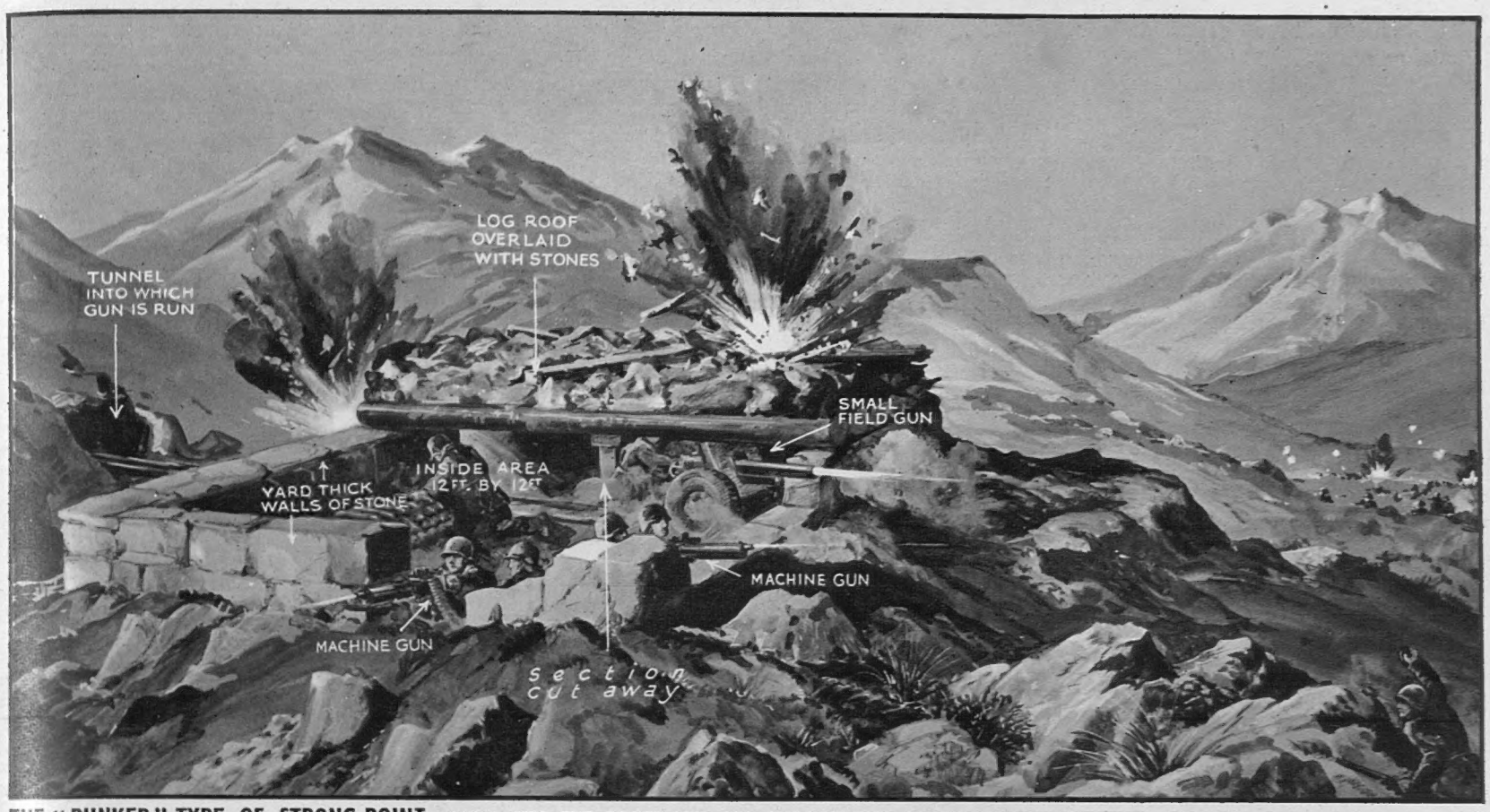
An American Armoured Unit in this country recently carried out an exercise under real battle conditions. Artillery, tanks, howitzers and assault guns—all firing live ammunition—supported the infantry. The picture reproduced above shows one of the effective weapons used during the exercise. This 75-mm. gun, mounted on an M-5 tank chassis and resembling a mortar rather than an artillery piece, follows on the heels of the infantry and puts up a curtain of protective fire during an advance. The huge vehicle depicted in the lower photograph is the giant M-25, which recovers damaged tanks and other heavy vehicles. Moving just one step behind the battle, the M-25 is completely "buttoned up" with armour plating for protection against enemy fire: it also mounts a ·50-calibre machine-gun. The importance of such vehicles was demonstrated in the African campaign. If the damaged tank can move on its own tracks, the M-25 can tow it: otherwise the damaged vehicle is hauled up a long trailer and towed to a repair shop.

The picture on the right was taken at a Training Centre of the Reconnaissance Corps, where men learn to become the most versatile soldiers in the British Army. They handle wireless, a variety of weapons, drive armoured cars and light-tracked carriers; they must be prepared for sudden ambush, for enemy tanks, mines and booby-traps; they must be able to maintain communications and bring back reliable information regarding the enemy's dispositions.

TROOPERS OF THE RECONNAISSANCE CORPS PRICKING FOR MINES. When a mine is located, the spot is marked with a white cover, so that the sappers who follow may deal with it



THE GIANT M-25 WHICH RECOVERS DAMAGED TANKS AND OTHER HEAVY VEHICLES ON THE BATTLEFIELD: This is another of the vital weapons of the U.S. Army now manœuvring on the rugged downs and beaches of Great Britain, practising for the forthcoming invasion of the Continent. The prompt employment of these great recovery vehicles may have a decisive influence during the battles for Europe



THE "BUNKER" TYPE OF STRONG-POINT, BUILT INTO THE ROCKY SOIL AND STRENGTHENED WITH CONCRETE AND LOGS. This defensive work houses a small field-gun and a nest of machine-guns. The stone walls are a yard thick, and the log roof is overlaid with big stones. Note the tunnel into which the field-gun can be run when the "bunker" is being shelled—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

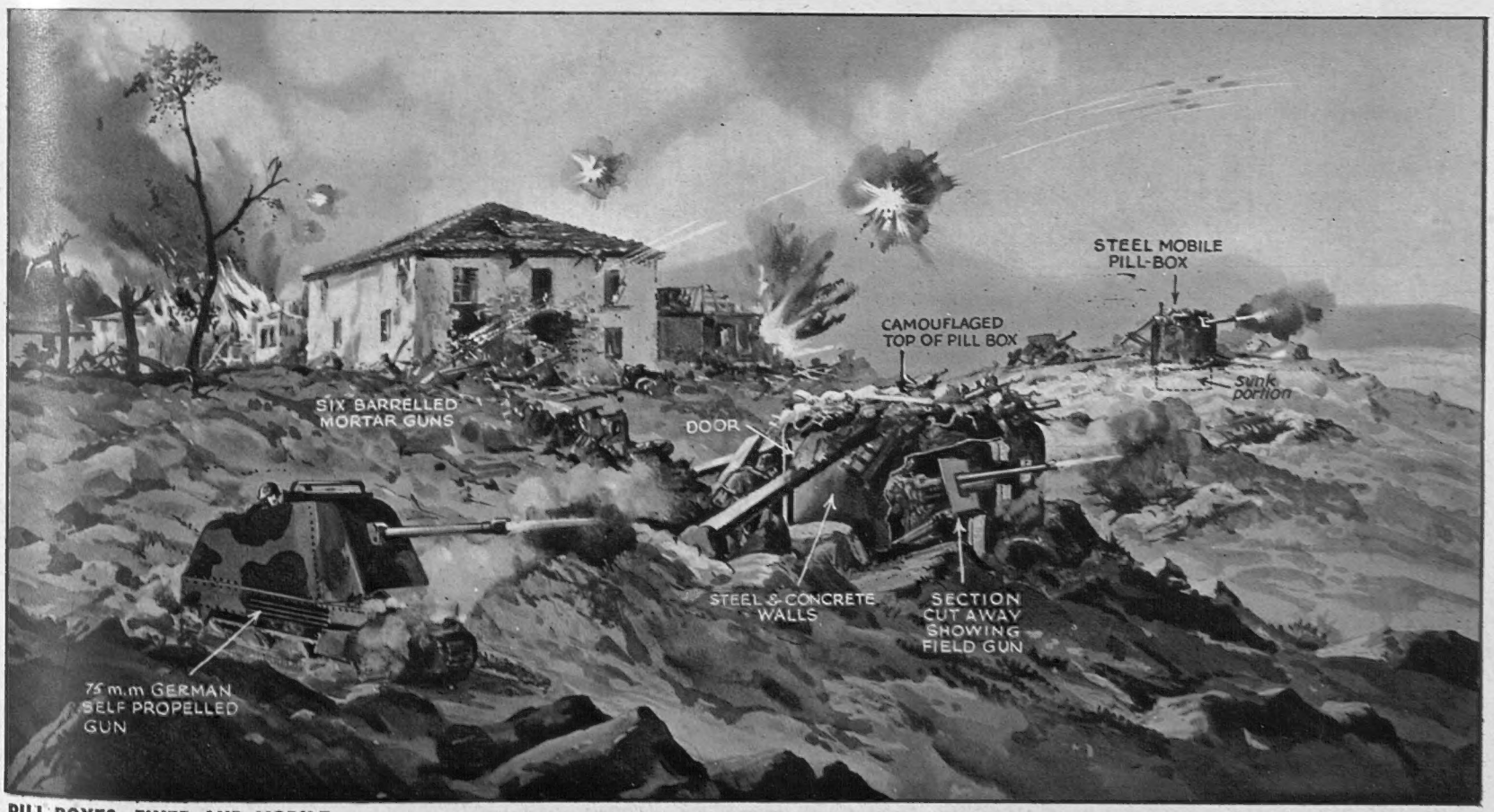
CASSINO—AND THE GERMAN STRONG-POINTS which were BUILT AROUND IT

The "Pill-boxes" and "Bunkers" Dug Into the Rocky Mountain Country, and Used by Field-gunners and Machine-gunners —*Two Special Sphere Drawings*

During the past few weeks references to the elaborate strong-points constructed by the enemy in front of the Allied Armies have become more and more numerous. These strong-points are sometimes mobile, but sometimes they take the form of concreted dug-outs, partially excavated into the rocky soil, in what one might describe as semi-basement fashion. The larger types are usually found on hill-slopes, where the soil consists of earth and rock mixed. Pickaxe and spade can excavate the soil to the necessary depth. In the example shown above, known to the troops as the "bunker" type, the defensive work measures some 12 ft. square by some 4 ft. deep. The stones are knit together with a backing wall of concrete, reinforced at certain points by steel several inches thick. The whole is roofed over with logs or boughs covered with a roofing which prevents it from being detected from the air.

There is a doorway at the rear which would permit the garrison to make a quick "getaway." In the type shown, a short railway is indicated by means of which the gun may be withdrawn into the shelter of a cave. This particular gun caused great trouble to the advancing Allied troops; when the position was finally rushed, the gun was found to have disappeared. In support of the gunfire from such a fixed strong-point as that illustrated, the enemy has been making liberal use of the mobile gun, which was first developed during the North African campaign. This type might be described as a semi-tank. The gun and gunner are afforded a certain amount of protection, and the gun itself has the virtue of being able to be placed, rapidly, in any desired position. In addition to the large rectangular "bunker," the Germans are using various types of circular pill-boxes. Some of these are found to be cunningly placed in the natural crevices of the hill-side. They may be sunk to half their depth into the surrounding soil; and the concrete is reinforced with thick steel plating. The gunner sits on a swivel seat, usually placed so that the slots through which he fires command a wide sweep of valley and sloping ground in front of him. The chief weapon is a 50-mm. machine-gun; one type of pill-box is fitted with two additional lighter guns supported on a built-in platform. A small apparatus worked by the foot ejects cordite fumes from the pill-box and replenishes oxygen. The gunner is usually found to be well supplied with food. A 2-in. steel door is fitted into the back of the pill-box. It is obviously not an easy matter to knock out such a type of defence armament.

In addition to the above, the enemy is employing a mobile type of pill-box which is constructed entirely of thick steel. This also has ventilating apparatus at the back. Some of these pill-boxes, placed near river crossings, have proved very troublesome to the Allied troops



PILL-BOXES, FIXED AND MOBILE, AND THE NEW TYPE OF GERMAN SELF-PROPELLED GUN. The pill-boxes are of two types, as indicated above: in addition to these, the Germans on the Cassino front have been using six-barrelled mortar-guns, and a new type of 75-mm. self-propelled gun which is housed in a miniature tank chassis—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

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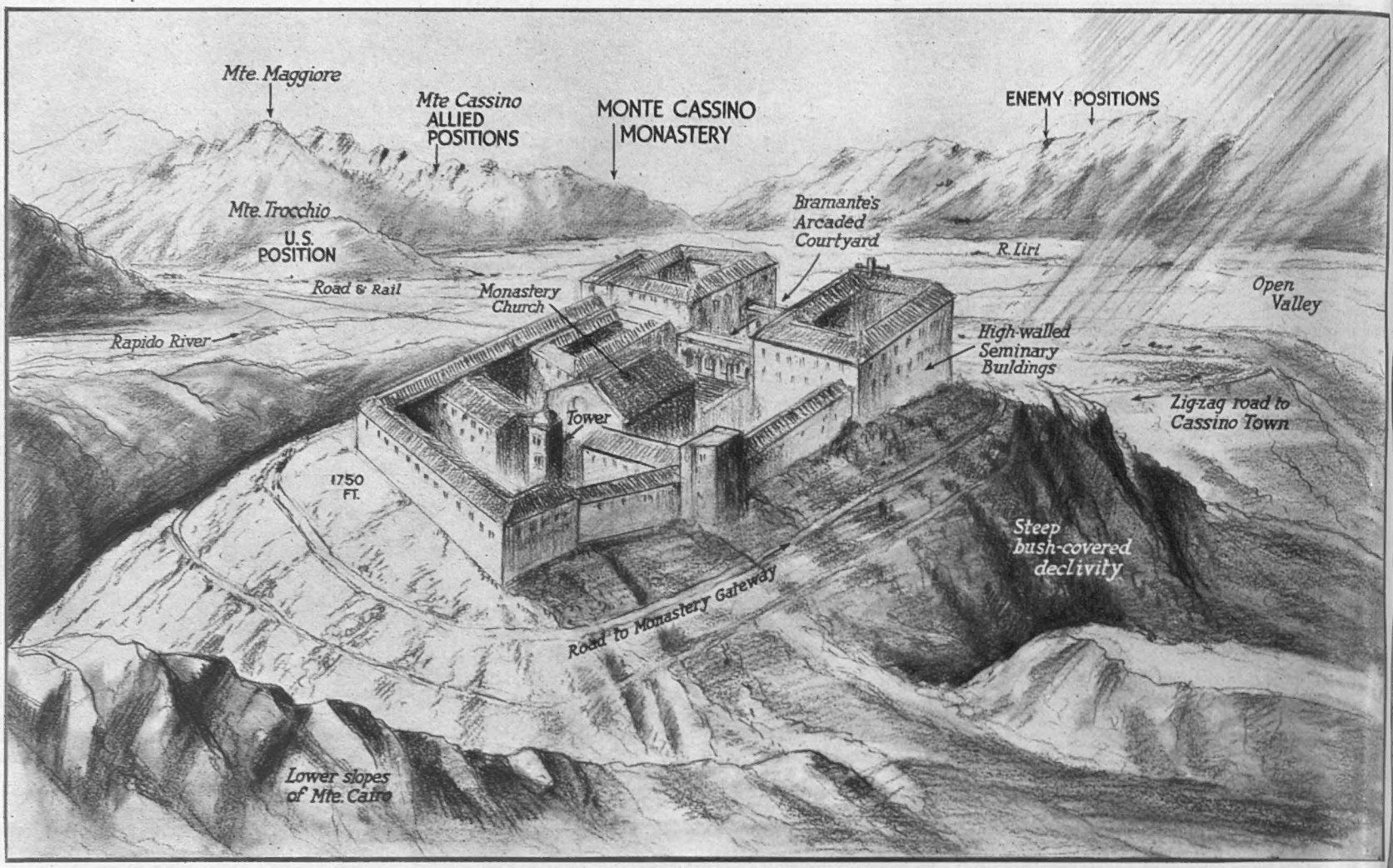


THE FAMOUS BENEDICTINE MONASTERY AS SEEN FROM THE SLOPES OF MONTE CAIRO. It lies on the summit of a hill 1,750 ft. above the town of Cassino, and the German guns known to be installed there had a wide field of fire: thirty of them were definitely located. The Monastery is the cradle of the Benedictine Order: it has been destroyed five times before. During the savage fighting for Cassino, it was spared by the Allies until the enemy was warned that its continued use would render a bombardment of the fortified buildings necessary

Drawing by Percy Home

THE MONASTERY ON MONTE CASSINO

Converted by the Germans into a Stronghold Which Barred the Way into the Town

—Special Sphere Drawings

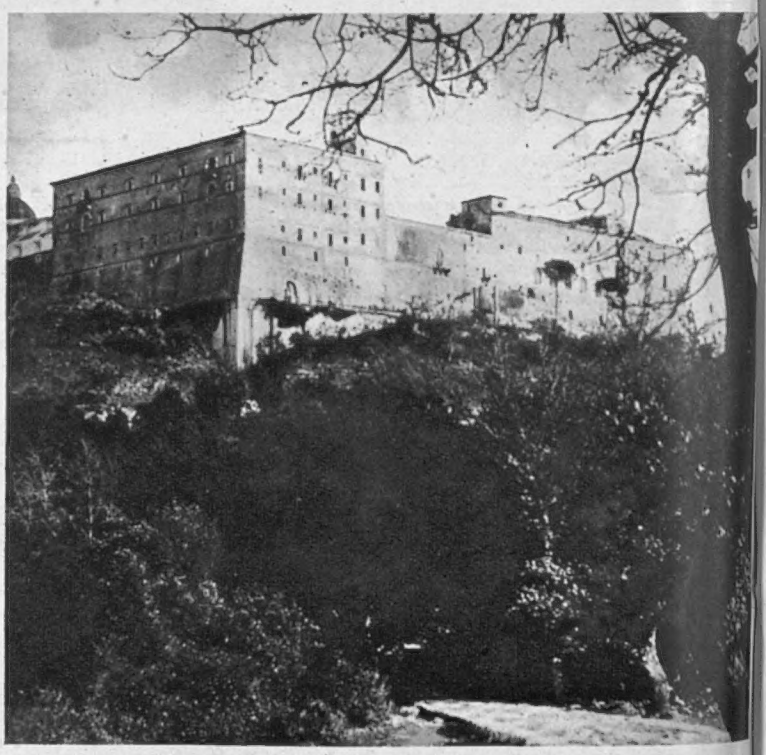
The famous monastery of Monte Cassino, which looks down on the river valleys of the Rapido and the Garigliano from the height of 1,750 ft., recently came into the battle area on the summit of Monte Cassino. For some time the Allied Command had been studiously avoiding the placing of shells in the vicinity of this historic religious house, founded by St. Benedict in 529 and preserved as a National Monument after the unification of Italy. Cumulative evidence of the way in which the enemy was making use of the monastery as a military gun and observation position placed the Allies in the regrettable position of having to announce that they could no longer avoid regarding the building as a military target, if the enemy rendered an attack necessary.

Allied forces had gained positions immediately overlooking what the official reports describe as "Monastery mount." The monastery was a huge oblong mass with towering buildings linked together and forming a fortress-like building which evidently appealed irresistibly to the enemy from this point of view.

Although founded 1,400 years ago, the outer buildings, which present themselves as one climbs up the long, winding road from Cassino town, are obviously of much later date. Only a small portion of the building is ascribed to the time of St. Benedict. This takes the form of a low-vaulted staircase which the visitor ascends immediately after entering by the great gate, which is guarded by two lions. The most striking architectural feature of the place was the beautifully designed courtyard by Bramante, the fifteenth-century architect, who made the original designs for St. Peter's in Rome.

Augustus Hare says, in his *Cities of Southern Italy*, that this courtyard "adorned with statues of the chief benefactors, and with a fair fountain in the midst, occupies the centre of the building. Open arcades on either side display other courts, now used as gardens, where amid flowers are preserved many portions of the granite pillars from the Church which the Abbot Desiderius, afterwards Pope Victor III, built in the eleventh century." Great wide staircases led to an upper quadrangle, on which the magnificent church stood. It was built about 1648, and showed the wealth of the Abbey in the richness of the interior decoration. The painted roof, the fine stalls of the choir, the splendour of the marbles used, and the bronze plates on the doors from the original gates, all pointed to the former magnificence

***On left*—THE MOST NOTABLE ARCHITECTURAL FEATURE OF THE MONTE CASSINO MONASTERY:** Within the somewhat severe exterior of the monastery, the visitor used to find to his surprise a remarkable architectural feature in the shape of a wide, ascending court which led up to the church of the Benedictine monks. Starting from the fountain court—shown here—two broad flights of steps led upwards through two series of arches. These arcades, with their sculptured details—in fact, the whole scheme of the courtyard—were the work of Donato Bramante, famous as the original designer of St. Peter's, Rome. Bramante (A.D. 1444-1514) did not live to see his design for the great Roman building completed, and considerable modifications were made by later architects. He was a painter as well as an architect

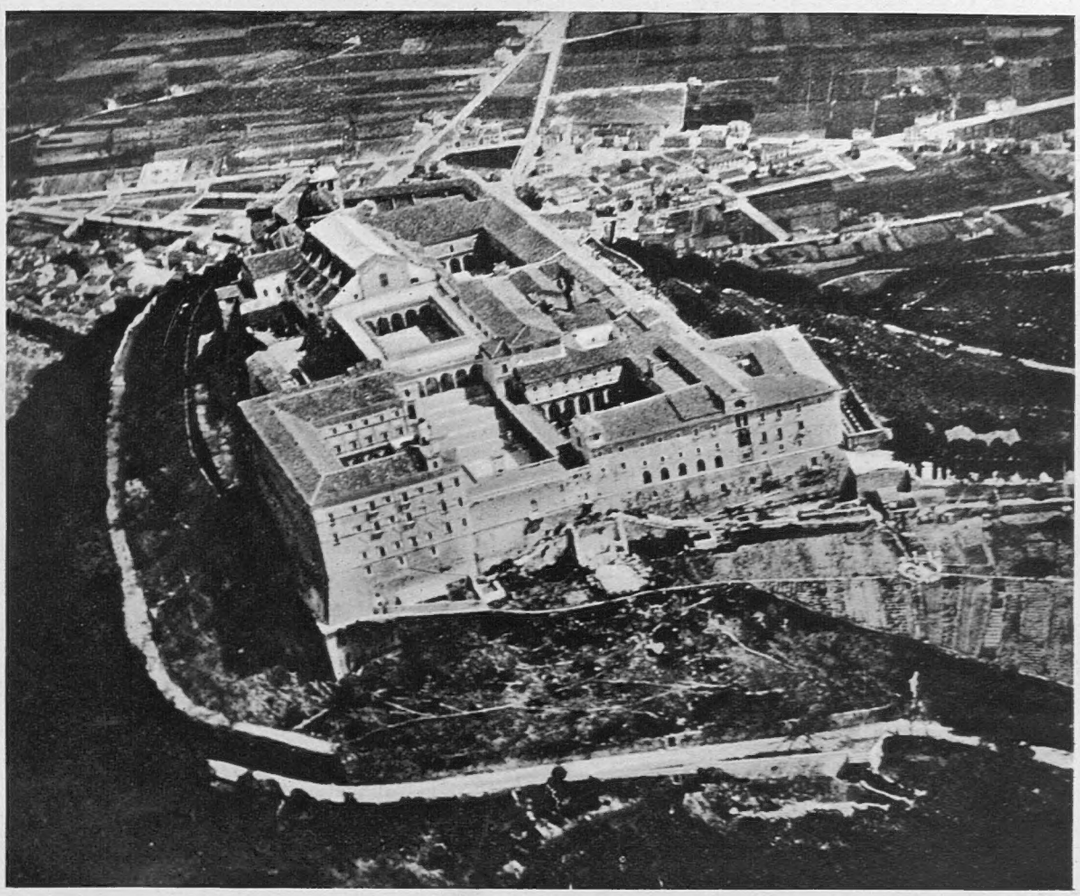


THE TOWERING WALLS OF THE MONASTERY. The Germans have been holding the hill on which it stands, with the Americans approaching to within a few hundred yards of it under fire from the guns in the building

of the great abbey which held sway over bishoprics, castles, towns, seaports and churches.

The library, for which the monastery was famous, was built in the sixteenth century, and contained charters and bulls from the eighth century. When Augustus Hare visited the monastery he was struck by the astounding beauty of the situation. "At sundown we stood on one of the terraces and looked over at the western mountains. The evening breeze whispering among the flowers at our feet. The last burst of the golden light swept the great crags in the south, and burned like tongues of fire upon the calm snow-crowns of the nearer Abruzzi, and streaming across to the monastery illumined the solemn cypress tops and cast a tender aureole about the dome of the Abbey church."

Below—The defence of the town of Cassino by the Germans was carried out with desperate fury. Allied troops forcing their way into the outskirts found the way barred by every kind of concealed defence point, backed up with aid from tanks and anti-tank guns. A stream of bullets from concealed machine-guns would be followed by a shower of bombs from six-barrelled mortar-throwers, while individual sharp shooters would endeavour to pick off our advancing troops with carefully-aimed bullets. So laborious was the progress through the streets that the capture of individual houses was mentioned in the official communiqués. The coolness and daring of the troops engaged in this hazardous work cannot be over-estimated. It requires all the skill and intuition of a big-game hunter. The Allies are, on occasions, unable to get any assistance from their own artillery, as friend and foe are too closely mixed. Quick-moving tanks take part in the assault. They, too, must be prepared to act with great swiftness, getting in a snap shot where possible. It is often a game of tip-and-run with them. The infantry continued at this arduous task for many days without cessation.



THE CASSINO MONASTERY AND ITS BUILDINGS: A view from above, showing how the ancient building dominated the country over a wide area. The town of Cassino itself lies in the background, on the far side of the 1,750-ft. hill. In the upper left hand runs the road to Rome, with the Upper Rapido River coming in from the right of the view. The Fifth Army reached to a point across the river just under the Monastery walls, but they were driven back owing to fire from the German guns installed on the summit, until the building was reduced by the Allies

HOUSE BY HOUSE INTO THE TOWN OF CASSINO AT THE FOOT OF THE GREAT BENEDICTINE MONASTERY. The savage street fighting in which the Allied troops have been engaged: the infantry have had to creep forward point by point, supported by tank-mounted guns which have come in for quick tip-and-run raids against the heavily defended positions (See notes in box above)—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

A WAY TO BACK UP BOMBING

By Encouraging and Supplying the Forces of Resistance in the Occupied Countries

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE effect of Allied bombing, both area and precision, has been exposed to the limelight respectively by eminent Churchmen and by Kesselring's ability to bring large forces on the scene round Nettuno.

With respect to the city-by-city blasting of Germany, several observations suggest themselves.

That the time to protest was when the bombing policy was laid down in 1940, since air-building programmes must extend over years and cannot be reconciled with changing ethical outlooks in bad times and good. That area bombing of the Reich obviously and photographically reduces Hitler's capacity to wage war, and is further justified by its giving to Germans first-hand experience of the misery and suffering beyond adjective to which they so lightly condemn others.

That, in any case, we in Britain are taking the risk of reprisals, not foreign countries. If the bombing unites the German tribes and provokes external sympathy for them—each of which remains to be seen—that is part of the risk run.

That the destruction of historic or sacred buildings weighs much less with the Allied peoples than the necessity entailed of inflicting indiscriminate death and suffering on German civilians of all kinds.

Bishops—some of them—have an unfortunate way of helping their country. They are either trying to stimulate doubt in the minds of our airmen, or telling the troops abroad that their women folk at home are a mass of unfaithfulness. In this matter of area bombing, a Bishop might have been more usefully employed in asking whether Second Front casualties are likely to be as lessened by preliminary softening as we have been led to expect, and whether other branches of invasion, which need not be specified, cannot be compensated even at this late hour for any curtailments they may have had to swallow consequent on the great emphasis placed upon bombing.

Here we come up with events as they devolved round the Anzio Beachhead. Early last autumn there were high hopes that the Eisenhower Command would, by persistent bombing, make German troop and supply movements up and down Italy a very slow and difficult business. Never once in succeeding weeks and months was there any question of complete Allied air mastery. Only the weather apparently interfered with the Allied Air Forces making what sorties they chose, when and where they chose. Yet this weather risk will be present to the end, so it is hardly helpful to overstress it.

Rather may it be sounder to face up to the lesson so far delivered, which seems to be that heavy and sustained bombing of an enemy's whole communications system has up till now had but a limited effect on the movement of his reinforcements towards and into the battle area when the time comes.

A reflection which at once brings us across Europe to the west. We laugh at Goebbels, but he, too, gets the truth handed him at times for broadcasting, and there should not be much disagreement with him when he says that "The outstanding problem of the war is mobility. The side which can send troops and supplies to the battlefield in the most favourable circumstances will win."

When Rundstedt outlines the defensive arrangements he has prepared across the Channel and elsewhere, we know he does not lie. But we also believe that if his plans for moving round his none too copious reserves can be substantially thrown out of gear, the chances of the invaders will swell.

The question therefore arises: How can we best back up Allied bombing of vital communications before and during operations—bombing which, through no human fault, apparently cannot of itself achieve all that is desired of it? One answer, I suggest, is to put more explosives into the hands of the Resistance Movements in the occupied countries.

Even if the Germans, or their quisling friends, intercept a large proportion of what is sent, what does that matter? It isn't of any use to them; besides, their claims of big hauls may be invention designed to make us desist, saying "What 's the use?" On the contrary, *send more*. We 've got the stuff without end. And if only an eighth or a tenth part of it—the stuff to wreck—gets through to the right people for use at the right time, the courage and effort of those who transmit the explosives abroad should be amply repaid.

This is no rash statement. You will see it borne out periodically in your daily paper, from which this morning I quote: "But the real heroes of the Luga battle were the guerillas of Leningrad province. . . . Most important of all, they prevented the enemy from bringing up necessary reserves from Pskov along the railway and main highway to Luga. Big guerilla groups blew up several trains with troops and equipment." They were Communists who did this (or whatever the Russians are at this stage), but that should matter least of all. I mention this aspect because, when several of us were discussing what I 'm writing about with a Resistance leader second-to-none in experience in the west, someone said: "Yes, but supposing the stuff gets into Communist hands and they hold it over for a revolution?" The fine character we were meeting shook his head with a sad smile, as if to say, "Is that likely? You should see!" But his answer was more concrete. He said that a great mistake was made in England regarding the magnitude of Communist domination underground. They are doing splendid work. But so are others; lots of others. And he instanced one famous Resistance chapter in which less than 10 per cent. are Communists.

Since he told us that, any risk that may have existed of the Communists making a corner in explosives to the detriment of future operations must have subsided with the union of all the groups out for the liberation of their country—a Unified Command of Resistance which, let us hope, will spread to other lands.

A more valid hesitation about directing arms and explosives into occupied countries could arise from the attention it focuses on the Resistance Movements, such as those of the *Maquis*, who are being set upon with redoubled fury by Vichy's frustrated and traitorous Militia. It is a serious fact that German cunning has caused Resistance Movements in one or two quarters to flare up before their time. Yet, whatever happens, even if whole groups come to be extinguished, or, more likely, have to fade away, there will always be many men, individuals and small local bands, freely unsuspected, but none the less ready to receive what we send.

Nor does it require a large number of patriots to get the most out of explosives; in fact, no job can be turned to such high account by so few.

Still, let us examine this matter a little further.

When explosives are used to their detriment, the Germans reply by shooting hostages. They no longer loudly proclaim the number and the names, as once they did. They found that doing so availed them not at all and merely piled up hatred of their kind. Yet the people of Occupied Europe are well aware of what happens. The Germans shoot a dozen or twenty or fifty men, taken principally from regional prisons and camps, and roundly dubbed "Communists and Jewish agitators," but also from the neighbourhood where the wrecking has taken place.

It is for us, in relatively immune Britain, to picture what this latter business means especially. A bridge is blown up, say, somewhere in Somerset, and that night the enemy calls at local villages and takes out men for execution who have had nothing whatever to do with the wrecking beyond tacitly agreeing with it. This must make inroads even on the best morale and the stoutest patriotism, someone suggested at our reunion. Was the blowing-up worth it? Might it not do more damage psychologically than it benefited the Allies militarily?

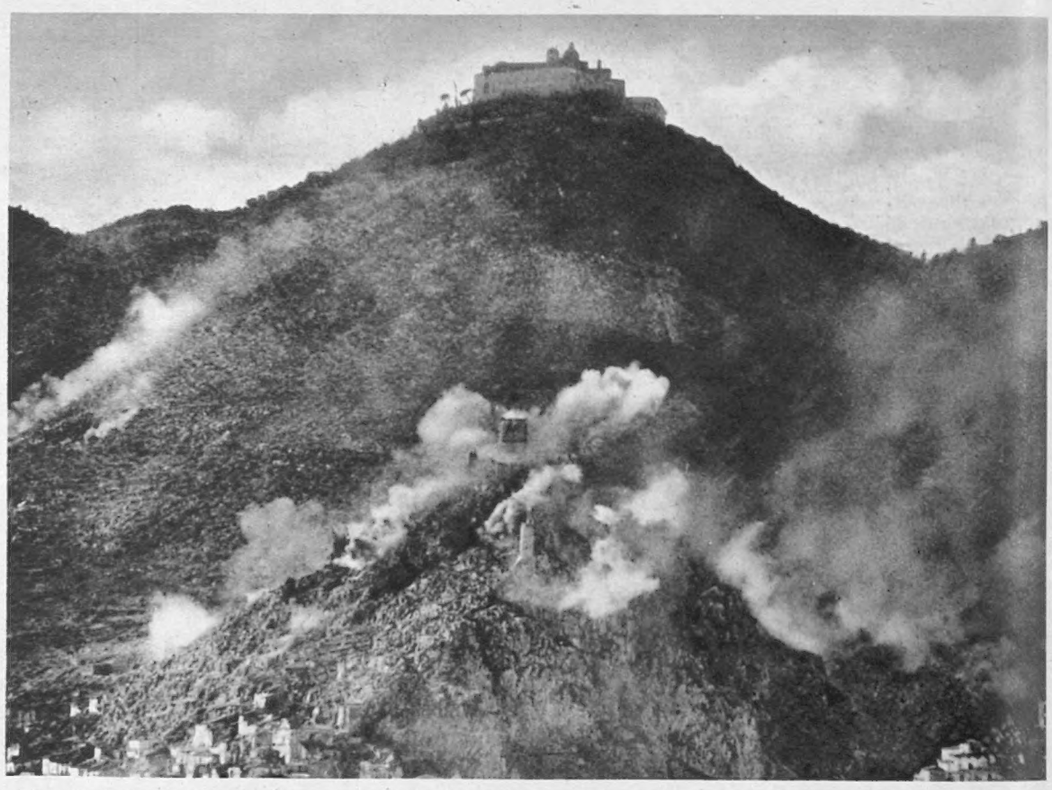
To that, there came a memorable reply which I shall attempt to paraphrase.

"People who undergo the horrors of German occupation in this war," it boiled down to, "are willing to accept almost any sacrifice to be rid of it, but only provided whatever is visited on them—Allied bombing or wrecking bringing dire consequences to a locality—has real and urgent value and is attended with success. What angers them is failure to achieve the end in view, though they have to suffer all the same. It does not turn them against the Allies—that is not true, at least within my knowledge. But it does anger them, and it even causes a certain bitterness when they come to the conclusion that the Allies pay insufficient heed to the best way of doing things.

"Let me give you two recent examples of this [place-names were given]. In one instance, the Allies made repeated heavy air attacks on a vital communications point. Only slight damage was done to a target very difficult to distinguish, owing to natural circumstances, whereupon the attack was carried towards a neighbouring town's marshalling yards. Now, said the inhabitants, if the Allies wish to see that original target put out of action, let them get explosives through to the right men, and these will see that the thing is blown up—and again if need be. We, no doubt, shall suffer as a consequence at the hands of the Germans. But no matter, so long as the task is successfully accomplished and liberation thereby brought nearer.

"In the other case, Allied bombers tried several times to hit a power-station, and in so doing badly damaged one section of a town, and, of course, casualties were caused. The locals complained, 'Why don't they send us explosives and we 'll do the job for them?' Eventually, the requisite explosives did come through, and the power-station was so severely damaged that it will be months before it is right again. Of course, arrests, punishments and hostages resulted. But the inhabitants took it all as part of the struggle for their liberation, because they had seen the success of the operation, and hope, as a result, to be spared some future bombing."

I cannot help thinking that a strong case is made out for sending more and more explosives to back up target bombing, with a stronger case established for using them sparingly—thereby reducing hostages and terror—until invasion days.



WHY THE BENEDICTINE MONASTERY AT CASSINO WAS BOMBARDED BY THE ALLIES: In this picture, American artillery are shown pounding the town of Cassino. High up on top of a 1,750-ft. hill is the famous monastery which our gunners and bombers spared for many days. Its importance is obvious—commanding as it does the approaches to the town and standing in the way of an Allied forward advance. When it was fully established that the buildings on the summit were sheltering German guns and observation posts and that Allied soldiers had lost their lives as a result, it was decided to warn the enemy and then reduce the monastery. This was done by bombers and by shell-fire. Latest reports from the battle zone have stated that the buildings have now been completely destroyed

THE GUERILLAS OF ALBANIA

Who Strike Against the Nazi Invaders from the Mountains Where They Live

PARTISANS OF THE "HEKMARJI" BATTALION ASSEMBLING IN THE CENTRE OF AN ALBANIAN VILLAGE in the Korie area. These are the men who have given the Nazis no rest in the mountain fastnesses, and who have never ceased to strike hard at the invaders of their country

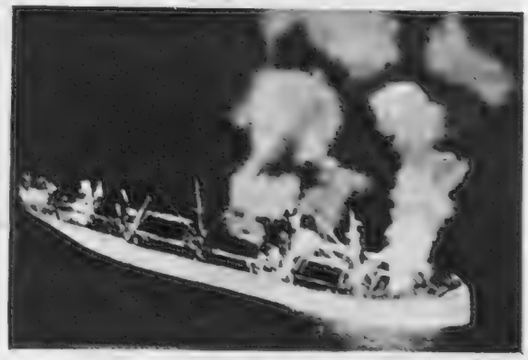
A TYPICAL ALBANIAN SHEPHERD AND HIS MULE. It is from this type of mountaineer that the Partisan bands have been recruited by the National Liberation Front

MANY NATIONALITIES FIGHT IN THE FIRST BRIGADE IN ALBANIA. The three Yugoslavs in the centre were conscripted into the German Army: they escaped to join the guerilla forces

AN ARMED ESCORT OF THE FIRST BRITISH MILITARY MISSION IN ALBANIA. Most of these men have been fighting since the Italians landed in their country in 1939—first against the Italians and then, after the collapse of Italy, against the Nazis

TOUGH TACTICS ARE PART OF AN ALBANIAN GUERILLA'S TRAINING. Mountain fighting is often hand-to-hand, and these men are experts at such forms of warfare

In addition to the guerilla fighters of Yugoslavia, the Albanian fighting men have been banded together against the Italian—and, later, the Nazi—invaders since 1939, when their country came under the Fascist heel. The pictures reproduced here are the first to reach the outside world showing how thousands of hardy mountaineers are giving the Nazis no rest. In a country cut into segments by impassable mountains and fast, deep rivers, the fighting groups operate independently under leaders who demand absolute discipline. These leaders number amongst them Dervish abbots, lawyers, gendarmes and peasants. The chief movement of resistance is the National Liberation Front, which to-day controls much of the mountain country in the south. These guerillas recently attacked the stronghold of Permet and drove the garrison into the barracks: to-day, whole Italian mountain units have joined up with the guerillas, bringing precious supplies with them. For almost a month the guerillas held the important town of Berat, until the Germans sent up a strong column, supported by dive-bombers to pound the ancient citadel to ruins.



THE R.A.F. SUPPORT THE YUGOSLAV GUERILLAS: An enemy merchant ship on fire off the coast after an attack by Kittyhawk fighter-bombers of the R.A.F.

PICTURES FROM THE BATTLEFRONT

Scenes with the Front-line Troops in the Italian Fighting Zones

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN ITALY, SIR HAROLD ALEXANDER, gets into his car before leaving Headquarters of the Fifth Army for a tour of the front line. The General, it will be observed, is well-equipped for the weather of "Sunny Italy": at the side of his car an automatic gun has been mounted, to beat off any German patrols which may have penetrated into British-held territory. General Alexander has always made a point of being wherever danger is thickest

AN ENCOUNTER BETWEEN TWO HIGHLY-PLACED COMMANDERS JUST BEHIND THE LINES. General Sir Oliver Leese (on left), the new Commander of the Eighth Army in succession to General Montgomery, recently paid a visit to the Headquarters of the New Zealanders in the right flank of the battle line. He was met by General Sir Bernard Freyberg, the New Zealand Commander (on right). Note in this picture the caravan on the right, used as an office; and the washing hanging out to dry on the left. The nature of the recent weather in Italy can well be gauged by the stout apparel and tough boots which both Generals were wearing when this picture was taken

A TANK-DESTROYER "DIGS IN" TO GIVE BATTLE TO THE NAZI ARMOUR IN ITALY. This picture was taken on the Mignano front during the heavy engagements in the battles for the River Garigliano and the approaches to Cassino. The normally mobile "tank-destroyer" has been dug into the ground in a well-camouflaged position and is now being used as artillery. The powerful 3-in. guns mounted on this type of armoured vehicle use regular artillery sights when thus employed in a static capacity. So far, our anti-tank weapons in Italy have been able to cope with the heaviest tanks the Germans have been able to bring into the battleline—not even excluding the heavy Tigers, of which the enemy once had such high hopes. Note the soggy nature of the ground around the tank-destroyer, caused by the never-ceasing rains of the Italian winter

THESE ARE THE MEN WHO ARE FIGHTING BRITAIN'S BATTLES IN ITALY: A PICTURE TAKEN AS A PARTY OF BRITISH INFANTRY WERE GOING UP TO THE FRONT IN THE ANZIO BRIDGEHEAD AS REINFORCEMENTS. After desperate attacks extending over a period of weeks, the Germans were finally held all along the bridgehead perimeter: now the Allies are pushing the enemy back along the road which leads northwards to Rome from Anzio. The men in this view are marching up in extended order, carrying practically all they possess on their backs—just as the infantry did in 1914-18. Note the great number of automatic weapons carried by the troops

MEN OF THE 5TH GURKHA REGIMENT, who are fighting with the Eighth Army in Italy. These are the men who are born to be fighters. They are famous for their ferocity and fearlessness in action. Though excellent marksmen, they are in their element in close-quarters fighting—as at the Mareth Line in Tunisia. They can sever a man's head with one blow from their native weapon, the kukri, and they are much feared by the Germans

A BLOOD TRANSFUSION ON THE BATTLEFIELD, on the Garigliano front. The members of a Field Ambulance Unit at work in a forward area during action: Private A. Kelly, of the R.A.M.C., holds the portable transfusion set, whilst Captain L. A. Stone, assisted by Private R. A. Smith, gets to work on a wounded man. When this picture was taken, many similar scenes were being enacted within the same field

THE ALLIED AIR FORCES TAKE A HAND IN THE BATTLE OF THE BEACHHEAD : British fighter-bombers attacking German farmhouse positions and tank formations on the outskirts of a ruined village near the Anzio perimeter. The aircraft are Hurricanes equipped to carry bombs and armed with four cannon-guns (see notes below)—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

THE BOMBERS RETURN FROM FRANCE. Their mission completed, six American Marauders wing their way back to their bases in England. They have just bombed the docks and installations used by the Germans in the Cherbourg Peninsula. They are shown leaving the northern coast of France and heading out for the Channel and home

THE WAR BY AIR

Battle Scenes in the Rome Beachhead and Over the Norwegian Coastline

—Special Sphere Drawings in Illustration of the Many and Varied Activities of the R.A.F.

To meet the heavy enemy attacks against the perimeter of the Rome beachhead, the air forces have joined in with every possible mode of attack. Every type of machine, from fast fighters to heavy bombers, has been taking part; and all have engaged in the task of hindering and breaking up the German formations in the actual battle area. The heavy concentration of guns by the Germans and the consequent shelling of the beachhead area necessitated this. Enemy positions had to be spotted and strafed; concentrations of tanks on roads, or hidden in dry river gullies, had to be searched out and dispersed. One such incident occurred near Aprilia when a number of German tanks were obviously marshalling for an attack unseen by Allied land observers. Detected from the air, the planes swooped down with deadly effect. Bombs and gunfire sent the crews rushing for safety to the sides of the gully.

In addition, Cisterna, Velletri and other points where the enemy were building up forces were heavily bombed. The work went on whenever possible; but on some days the weather proved so bad that no planes of any kind could move. All were grounded on drenched airfields and landing-strips. Fortunately, the wind dries up the ground with surprising rapidity and the moment the clouds lift the attacks are renewed.

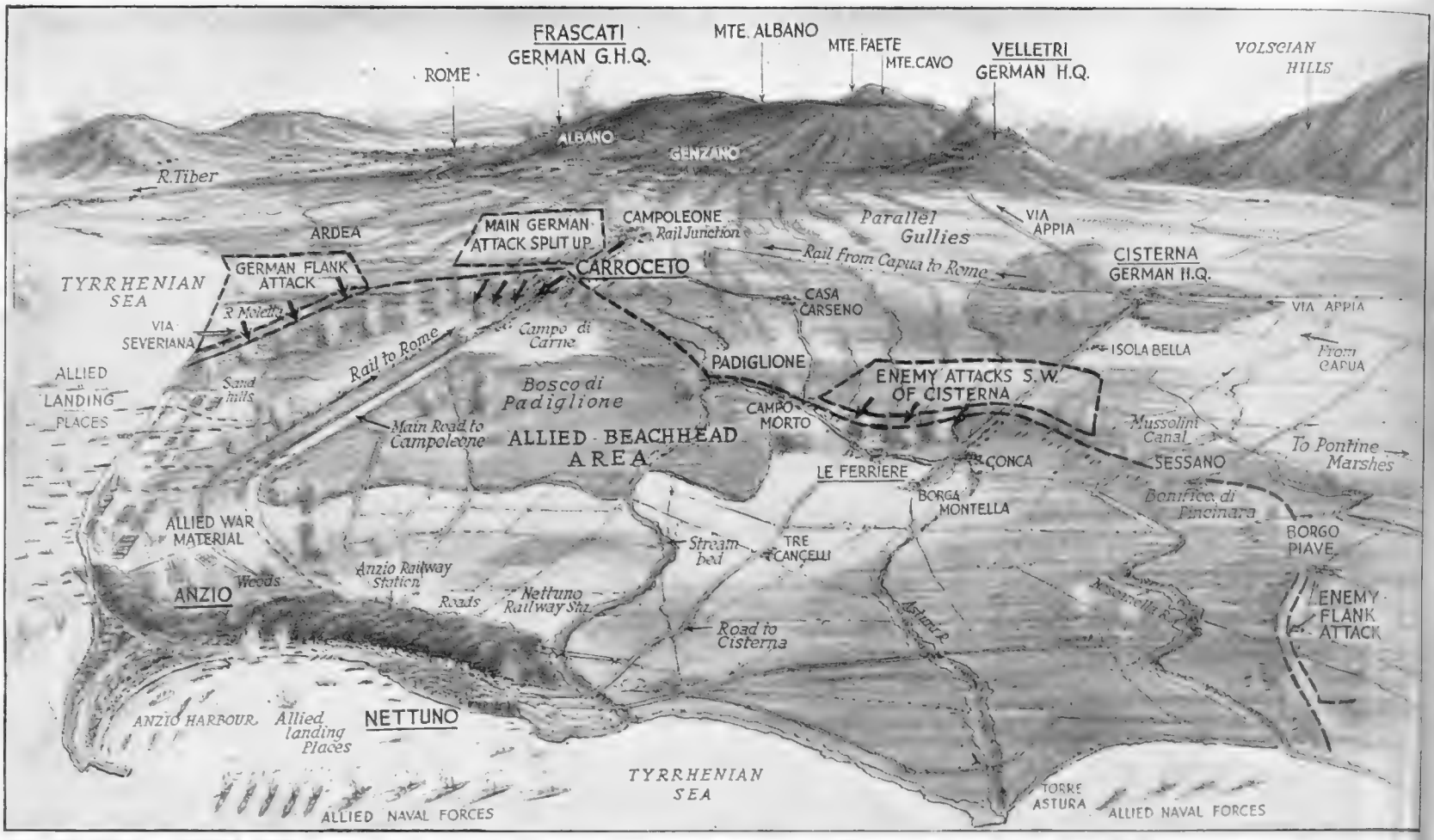
THE BOMBING OF VITAL ENEMY SUPPLY AND CONCENTRATION POINTS. The work of the strategic bombers around the Anzio bridgehead: During the critical hours within the Rome bridgehead the Allied Air Forces went all out to assist the land forces. The references to their work were often brief; but, as indicated on this map, they link up into a connected scheme for hampering the enemy at as many vital points as possible. Orvieto, Orte, Viterbo, Tarquinia, are all important mail centres down which the enemy must bring all the necessary reserves of men and material with which to harry the defenders of the Rome beachhead. Fortresses had a very busy time over these points. Closer round Rome itself Allied planes attacked roads and railways leading southwards from the capital

AN ATTACK BY ALLIED LIGHT BOMBERS ON A HORSE-DRAWN ARTILLERY COLUMN moving up to the bridgehead from Pontecorvo—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

Among the many bombing sorties of the Allied Air Forces operating behind the Fifth Army front and the Rome beachhead was one which found an unusual target. It occurred in the Liri River valley on the "Road-to-Rome" highway, in the neighbourhood of Pontecorvo, a position well on the way to Mte. Albano and the beachhead. An artillery column was spotted making its way northwards. When the Allied planes swooped to their target, they saw that the guns and limbers were horse-drawn. It seemed a reversion to ancient days; but so bad has been the condition of the roads in many parts of this section of country that horses have proved the more certain means of haulage. The scene was reminiscent of the last war, when horse-drawn traffic on the roads behind the lines was a very usual sight

A NEW IDEA DISPLAYED BY THE GERMANS: The ships of an Enemy Convoy fire rocket-shells at our attacking Beaufighters off the Norwegian coast; on bursting, a parachute floats down, to which is attached a canister—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

When Coastal Command Beaufighters attacked a German convoy off the Norwegian coast a few days ago, parachute projectiles were used by the enemy ships against the aircraft. This is stated to be the first time Coastal Command has experienced this type of armament. One of the pilots who took part in the action said: "The ships fired a rocket-like projectile which opened out in the air and had a canister attached by cable to a parachute." One Beaufighter is missing from the operation; a medium-sized vessel and one escort ship were left on fire, and there was an explosion in another escort ship. Two small merchantmen were also hit during the course of the attack



THE BEACHHEAD UNDER FIRE: HOW THE PERIMETER LINE RAN AROUND ANZIO AND NETTUNO during the third week of the fighting, when the Germans launched their fiercest attacks against the Allied positions—*Drawing by Percy Home*

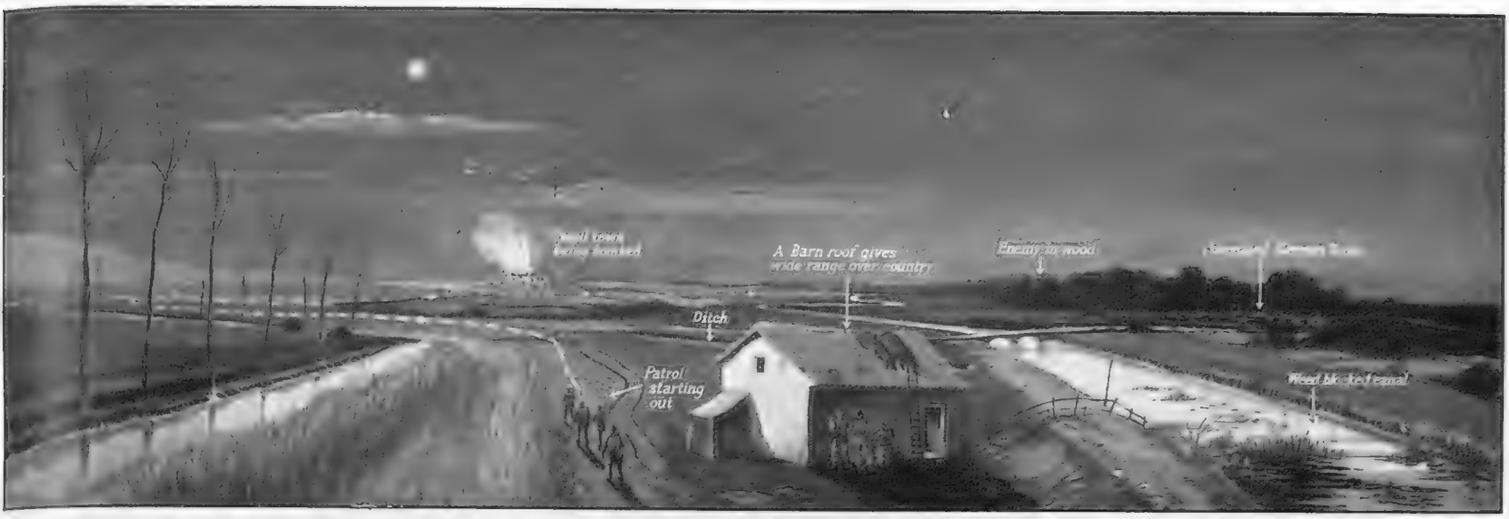
The DAYS of CRISIS in the BRIDGEHEAD

Scenes during the Vital Third Week, when the Germans Launched Their Heaviest Attacks
—Special Sphere Drawings

The drawing above has been taken from an elevated point a little south of the sea frontage around Nettuno. Rome and Mte Albano lie away to the north; Velletri and the Volscian hills to the north-east. The Pontine Marsh area borders the east, or right-hand, side of the view. Two principal roads lead out of the beachhead area—the one on the left to Carroceto and Campoleone junction; the other to Cisterna by way of Tre Cancelli, Le Ferriere and Isola Bella. Other lesser roads lead along the shore and across the marsh meadows to Sessano and Borgo Piave, which lie on or near the fighting line on the right flank. The positions of four enemy attacks are indicated. Starting from the left, there is the attack near the River Moletta and the Fossignano wood. Next comes the main attack which was made down the chief motor road to Campoleone and Rome: there it was split into several separate prongs, a not unlikely happening in a country seamed with ditches and gullies. Moving round to the east, the fighting area around Le Ferriere and Borgo Montella is reached; there is a linking road here from Carroceto to Conca through Padiglione and Campomorto. On the extreme right is the fourth fighting area, where the enemy developed a flanking thrust. This includes the Mussolini Canal and its associated Moscanella River, together with the two places Sessano and Borgo Piave. These lie on the edge of the Pontine Marsh proper. In addition to the Moscanella, three other river gullies run down to the sea

THE DIFFICULTIES OF LANDING SUPPLIES AND REINFORCEMENTS AT THE BEACHHEAD DURING THE CRITICAL PERIOD. Landing-craft alongside a specially constructed pier (which had been floated all the way from the base) unload men and stores at top speed. Other vessels lie offshore awaiting their turn to berth whilst Allied fighter-aircraft maintain a vigilant patrol in the skies above the beachhead—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

The task of the officers controlling the work of disembarkation at Anzio was an arduous one during the weeks succeeding the first successful landing, when calm waters lapped the beaches. Unfortunately, this period of good weather was of short duration; there followed a couple of weeks when calm seas were the exception rather than the rule. Strong winds blew, and the sight out to sea was anything but cheery: successions of white walls of breakers could be seen stretching back to a misty or invisible horizon; on really bad days, heavy, rolling clouds poured down sheets of rain, soaking everything and everybody. Special pontoon landing-places had been run ashore, at the seaward end of which heavy material could be disembarked from vessels and quickly run to the beach. A whole pier complete had been brought up from the base and placed in position against the beach. In very heavy weather the wave pressure can do all sorts of unpleasant things; it can have been with no easy minds that officers felt the winds getting up in the night. They must often have wondered what the morning would bring forth. In the later stages there was also the enemy's bombardment to cope with, when the Allied planes were unable to intervene



HOW THE ALLIED PATROLS OPERATED BY NIGHT WITHIN THE BRIDGEHEAD AREA. The drawing depicts a typical stretch of marshland scenery in the Anzio region, which is composed mainly of rushing streams, weed-blocked canals, woods and rush-choked ditches—*Drawing by H. P. Burton*

So flat is the country between the sea and the Pontine Marshes that even the roof of a barn, or the first floor of a farmhouse, gives one a wide view over the whole area. During the critical days in the bridgehead, both sides carried out patrols by night. "These can be exciting affairs," wrote one correspondent. "In the dark, rival patrols can pass within a few feet of each other. One sergeant heard a rustle alongside him, and, thinking it was one of our men, put out his hand to keep contact. He was amazed to find the man wearing a greatcoat. All his men were without them, so he realised the man was a German, and shot him without the rest of the enemy patrol suspecting his presence." Through brushwood and ditches and across muddy fields, the patrols move on foot under a waning moon, guided by the stars. Now and again a gun-flash illumines the scene for a brief period, leaving it afterwards darker than ever

AN INTERLUDE DURING THE GRIM STRUGGLE AMIDST THE MARSHES, DITCHES AND DYKES OF THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA. The American crew of a big tank-retriever break off for supper in the open after having bargained for chickens with an Italian farmer who still remained in the battle zone—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

In describing the scene recorded above, Mr. Reynolds Packard, an American war correspondent, wrote in the following terms: "Despite rough going on the front—I received the heaviest shelling I have yet encountered on this beachhead, being pinned down several times in wet drainage ditches forming part of Mussolini's reclaimed farmland area—I had the best meal since landing. It was cooked in No-man's Land by two sergeants from a huge tank-retriever in which they had just returned from pulling in one of our tanks which had been hit. While waiting orders to retrieve more tanks, they were busily frying chicken which they had bought for one dollar from the inevitable Italian farmer in No-man's Land"

THE STERN FIGHTING AT ANZIO

And the Third Week of Crisis

When the Fifth Army made its landing on the beaches near Nettuno and Anzio on Saturday, January 22, they met no resistance. The surprise was complete—no shore batteries were encountered and even the *Luftwaffe* did not appear for seven hours. During that day, when the weather was fine, men and supplies poured on to the beachhead, occupying the little seaside towns of Nettuno and Anzio.

For four days the landings went on and the troops pushed inland, meeting only slight opposition, reaching out towards the Appian Way. Hopes were raised of a quick cutting of communications to the German army on the Garigliano front, and of a march to Rome. By Wednesday, January 26, the Germans had slightly recovered from the first shock, and counter-attacked near Littoria, the chief town of the reclaimed Pontine Marshes. They had planted anti-aircraft guns all along the road to Rome, and were beginning to try to hold the advance of the Allies. The weather broke, and high winds hampered the landings, which, however, continued to bring reinforcements, troops, tanks, medical supplies, etc. The Allied Air Force was supporting the land troops whenever the weather allowed. By Friday the British were at Carroceto, on the Anzio-Albano road, resisting strong German attacks. At the week-end heavy rain and wind again hampered the Allies, keeping the Air Force grounded, and assisting the enemy, who could move troops without being bombed from the air.

The second week on the Anzio beachhead opened well for the Allies. On Sunday, January 30, the weather began to improve, and the advance went on steadily. Carroceto (named Aprilia by Mussolini), Contomiera and Campomorto, all on the Anzio road to Albano, were occupied and Campoleone reached by Tuesday, February 1. The Appian Way was cut in two places near Cisterna, whose outskirts were entered. Here the Germans were holding out strongly, digging in along the railway towards Campoleone. By the middle of the week it was obvious that Kesselring had received reinforcements from the north, and on Friday, February 4, he launched a fierce attack from Littoria. A violent battle ensued in which the Nazis were repulsed but which forced the Allies to begin digging-in and turn to the defensive.

The third week was one of incessant fighting, the enemy trying to find a way through the defence, and to force the Fifth Army back into the sea. Crack troops like Himmler's S.S. troops, and the 26th Panzer Divisions brought into action for the first time in Italy, showed how serious the Allied thrust appeared to the enemy. The weather continued to be wintry, with fierce gales and high seas. Campoleone, the farthest point reached by the British, was apparently lost, and the line drawn just north of Carroceto.

The Germans hold all the high ground, are able to observe all the operations over the beachhead, and to shell the whole area. Owing to the persistent bad weather, the Allied Air Force had not been able to assert its supremacy, but on Friday, February 11, heavy bombers came out in force. New landing-grounds within the beachhead were constructed, giving more opportunity for the R.A.F. once the weather began to improve. At the end of the third week the bridgehead defence still held all the determined German attacks and supplies were still coming in, and the Prime Minister announced that the Commanders-in-Chief of the Mediterranean had informed him of their confidence that the great battle now proceeding for the capture of Rome will be won.

LEADER OF THE "FIGHTING F" FLOTILLA FOR THE FIRST TWO YEARS OF THE WAR—AN IMPRESSION OF H.M.S. "FAULKNOR," which claims the distinction wartime steaming, a record only surpassed by one other destroyer. The famous "F" class have taken part in almost every major naval operation of the displacement of 1,460 tons—

The ROYAL NAVY at WORK

The Record-holding "Faulknor"; an Unusual Spectacle During the U-boat Campaign; the "Half-Destroyer" at Sea

H.M.S. *Faulknor*, leader for the first two years of the war of the famous "Fighting F" flotilla, claims the distinction of having served continuously as a Flotilla Leader for longer than any other destroyer now afloat.. Only two ships have served throughout the war as leaders—the *Faulknor* and H.M.S. *Jervis*.

These famous "F.'s" made for themselves a renowned name in naval history before being split up. Together, before being separated, they completed more than 1,000,000 sea miles. They have taken part in almost every major naval operation of the war, three of their number having been lost. The *Faulknor* has just completed her own individual 250,000 miles, and, by the end of October 1943, was exceeded only by the *Fury*, who had 264,000 miles to her credit.

The *Faulknor* is named after one of Nelson's captains at Trafalgar, and is the fifth of her name. Her immediate predecessor of the last war took part in the Battle of Jutland, the Dover Patrol and the attacks on Zeebrugge and Ostend

THE "HALF-DESTROYER" "SAGUENAY," OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN NAVY. This veteran warship still serves the Empire, although she no longer possesses a stern During convoy escort duty in the Atlantic a torpedo wrecked the "Saguenay's" bow: after repairs she put to sea again—and struck one of the worst hurricanes in living memory. Then came a collision which detonated her depth-charges and blew off the stern. But, to-day, the other half of H.M.C.S. "Saguenay" still puts to sea—as a training vessel for Canadian naval recruits

having served continuously as a Flotilla Leader for longer than any other destroyer now afloat. She has just completed her own individual 250,000 miles of ent war. "Faulknor" is named after one of Nelson's captains at Trafalgar, and is the fifth vessel of her name. She was launched in 1934, and has a

wing by Montague Dawson

A QUEER SIGHT AT SEA DURING A RECENT ANTI-SUBMARINE ACTION IN THE ATLANTIC—a "hole," or large circle of water, on the ocean surface after depth-charges had been dropped over the side of the destroyer "Crane"—*Drawing by William McDowell*

During the recent action in the Atlantic, in which escort ships guarding an important convoy drove off strong forces of U-boats and enemy aircraft equipped with glider bombs, the crew of H.M.S. *Crane* witnessed a queer spectacle. The vessel caught sight of a U-boat illuminated by star shells: she submerged immediately, but the *Crane* kept contact with her and dropped a pattern of depth-charges. In the meantime, a frigate had joined the *Crane* and both vessels then made direct attacks. "Soon after this," in the words of the Gunnery Officer, "I saw a queer disturbance on the water. A large circle of water appeared to be sucked down, with waves all round the circle as though to fill the hole. Then there was a series of loud under-water explosions. We remained in the area, and after fifteen minutes or so large patches of oil appeared on the surface. Later, two of the destroyers attached to the convoy joined us and reported that they had seen large pieces of wreckage and clothing." Apparently, the disturbance referred to by the officer was caused by the "pressure wave" of the depth-charge exploding below the sea surface. It resembles a crater formed by a circular upheaval and is followed immediately by an up-burst of water and spray (as indicated in the centre background). In this drawing the *Crane* is shown on the left, with the frigate *Foley* on the right

The WORK of the AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS in the ATLANTIC and PACIFIC

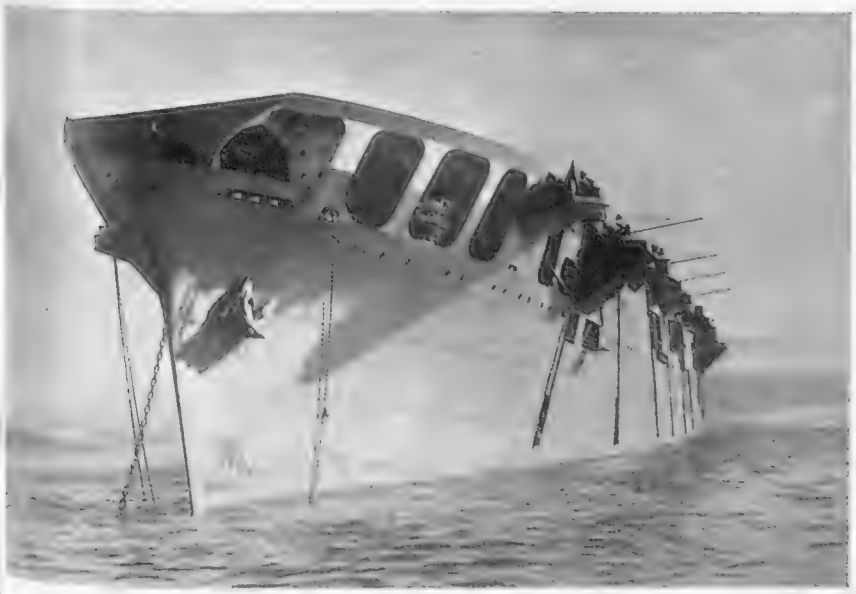
AMERICAN AERIAL PROTECTION FOR THE CONVOYS. These Avenger torpedo-bombers are based on a U.S. Navy escort carrier: they are here sweeping in low as a convoy makes its way across the ocean with material for Allied ports. The escort carriers from which these aircraft fly have been co-operating with warships to protect convoys in the Atlantic for some time. They work usually with destroyers or sloops, and although they form part of the protective network, they operate largely independently. "Searches" are flown all day from the escort carriers, and a striking force is always held in readiness to follow up a U-boat trail. As an independent force, they can be rushed to a threatened area at high speed to assist the convoy escorts which may be battling against an entire U-boat pack. The Avenger is a three-seat aircraft specially built for operation from a flight-deck: its maximum speed is 270 m.p.h.

THE ESCORT CARRIER "BITER" OPERATING IN THE ATLANTIC: So expert have the pilots who operate from this vessel become that they can land their planes on a deck which often rises and falls 50 ft. in a long Atlantic swell—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

In eight months of Atlantic convoy work not a single merchant ship under the protection of the escort carrier *Biter* has been sunk. Since April 1943 she has steamed more than 45,000 miles in the Atlantic, her aircraft patrolling the convoys ready to pounce on any U-boats. To her credit she has two U-boats, sunk by combined attack of her aircraft and surface escorts, and three probably damaged. In addition, her planes have made many attacks which kept the U-boats down while the convoys passed through the danger areas. Although there have been many boring hours of patrol, with nothing to show for the work, experience has taught many valuable lessons both in the method of dealing with the enemy and in flying from these small carriers with their comparatively short flight-decks. "We are now able to fly in weather which in peacetime would have been considered too bad for flying even from a land aerodrome," said one of her officers recently. Among other things, it has been found possible to land and take off even when the Atlantic swell causes the flight-deck to rise and fall as much as 50 ft.—an achievement which was thought impossible when the ships were being prepared

THE LATEST TYPE OF AMERICAN AIRCRAFT-CARRIER NOW OPERATING IN THE PACIFIC AGAINST THE JAPS. This is the 10,000-ton Independence class which supported the Essex class carriers in recent attacks carried out by the U.S. Navy from Wake to Rabaul—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

The Independence class carriers consist of eight or more vessels which were originally intended to be cruisers of the Cleveland class: it was then decided to convert them into aircraft-carriers, and some of them have been operating for the past few months in the Pacific, backing up the work of the carriers of the much heavier Essex class of 25,000 tons, and harassing the Japs throughout the length and breadth of the Pacific. The Independence class are ships of 10,000 tons displacement, and they are reported to combine the speed of a cruiser with the striking power of a modern carrier. They have a waterline length of 600 ft., a beam of 61½ ft., and a designed speed of 33 knots. The guns are, probably, eight 5-in. dual-purpose weapons. *Independence* was laid down in May 1941 and completed in 1942: the number of aircraft she carries has not yet been announced. In the picture above, the aircraft depicted as operating from the *Independence's* deck are Corsairs, built by the Vought-Sikorsky Company in America. These planes possess both high speed and long range: they are powered with a 2,000-h.p. Pratt and Whitney engine and have a maximum speed of 366 m.p.h. Note the "inverted gull wing" effect of the cranked planes

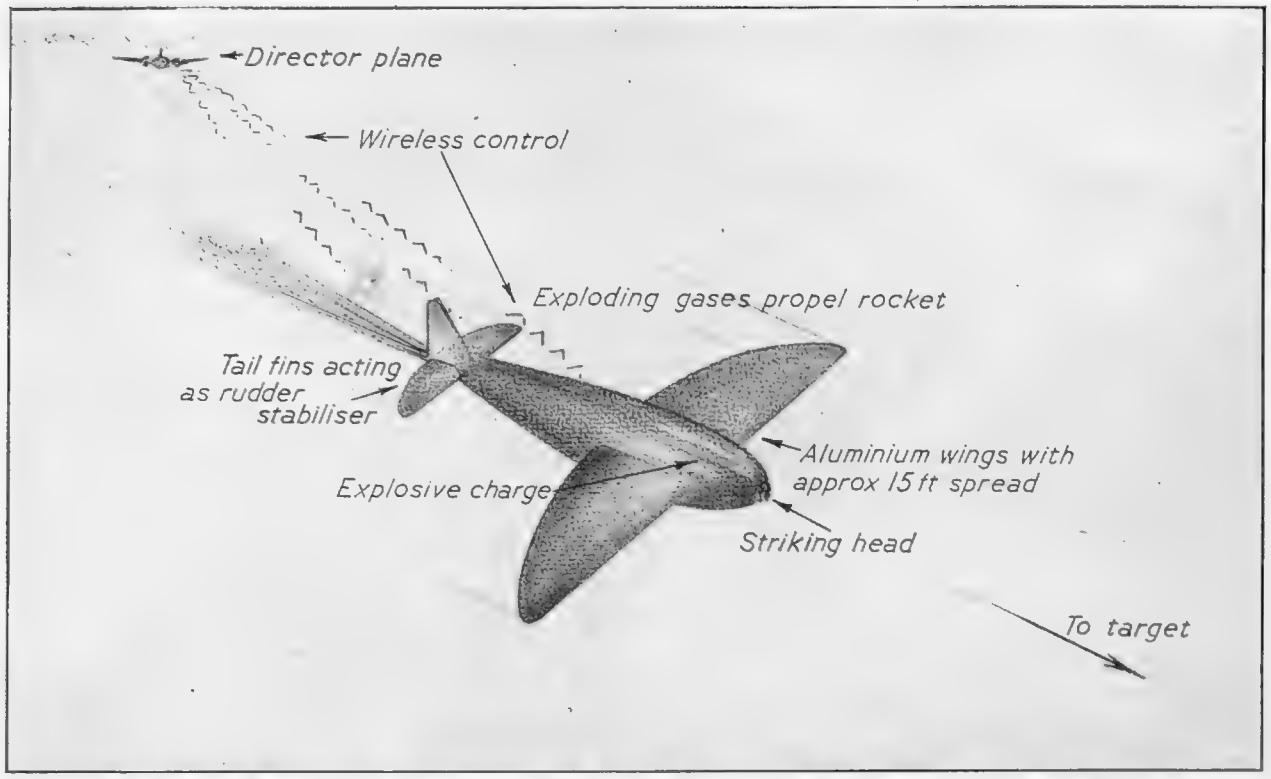


THE WARTIME JOB OF A FORMER BRITISH LUXURY LINER. H.M.S. *Pretoria Castle*, well known for her peacetime runs, is now an auxiliary aircraft-carrier. A flight-deck has been constructed above her former main deck, smoke-stacks have been shifted, and other adaptations made for the specialised purposes for which she is now employed

THE LATEST AMERICAN CARRIER TAKES TO THE WATER. A picture taken on the Fore River after the launching of the U.S.S. *Hancock* at Quincy, Massachusetts. This is a 27,000-ton vessel of the Essex class: she has been named after the man who signed the Declaration of Independence, and she is the third ship to bear this distinguished name. The Essex class carry a complement of over 2,000 officers and men, and eighty aircraft can be carried on board. Armed with sixteen 5-in guns, and with a speed of 35 knots, each of the vessels of this class cost nearly 70,000,000 dollars. They have played an important part in numerous successful Task Force attacks on the Jap bases from Wake Island to New Britain. They carry Dauntless dive-bombers, Avenger torpedo-planes and the new Hellcat fighters

NEW DEVICES OF WAR

Details of Allied and Enemy Inventions now being Used In, and Behind, the Fighting Lines



THE GERMAN GLIDER, OR ROCKET BOMB used by the Germans in Italy and in their campaign against Allied shipping: a diagram which shows its size and shape and other details—*Drawing by B. C. Wood*

Owing to the lifting of censorship restrictions in Italy, details have recently become available of the new German rocket-propelled glider bombs, of which a drawing is given above. From descriptions pieced together by several eye-witnesses, the bomb is believed to be about 20 to 30 ft. in length, with tail fins acting as a rudder stabiliser. It has a wing spread of about 15 ft. Apparently, it is armour-piercing, since one penetrated the thick deck-plates of an Allied ship at Salerno.

The bomb is released from the belly of a twin-engined Heinkel, which drops its flaps and slows while the rocket shoots ahead into the pilot's vision under radio control from the Heinkel. The pilot exercises control of the bomb apparently according to what he can see of its flight. The bomb can make a sharp turn against a target from the side if necessary. Although it is apparently under good control at all times, except when the control plane is interfered with, many of the bombs fall in the water because the pilot has lost control at the last minute or overshot the mark.

The Germans first used rocket bombs in numbers against the Allies at Salerno. Whether the enemy can muster a large fleet for use against invasion is not known, but in any case the Air Forces must assume that they can. Witnesses say that when the rocket is in flight there are red and green lights at the tail, apparently from the propelling charge, and that it makes a loud screaming sound. The weapon has been likened to a kite, with a triangular aluminium sheet serving as a glider. Under the latter there is a vertical metal bar, which encloses the motor direction gear. The rear end contains a big cylinder in which are several tubes for the exhaust of the explosive gas propelling the rocket. The intricate works require months of hard work to complete.

Experiments with the rocket bomb first began at Sammerdar in 1936.

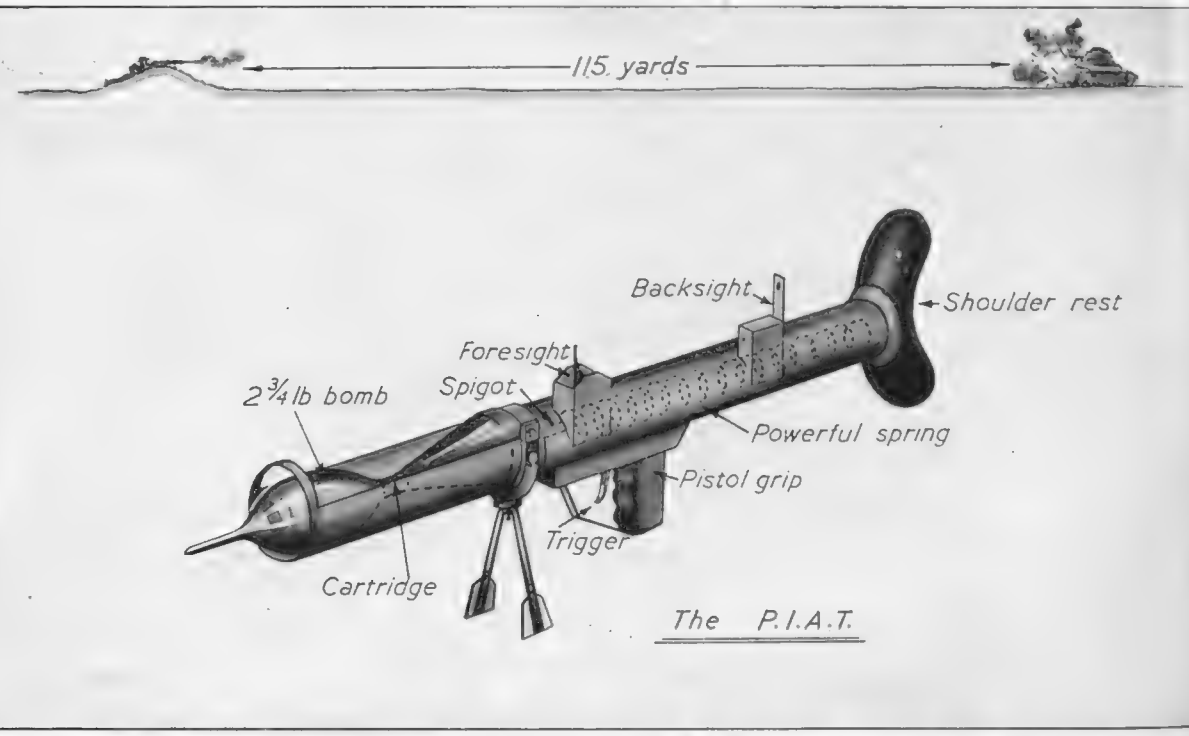
THE P.I.A.T. PROJECTOR: This weapon is the powerful new anti-tank invention, of which details were released for the first time only a few weeks ago. The initials stand for Projector, Infantry, Anti-Tank.

The weapon is designed on unorthodox lines to penetrate and stop any German tank at 115 yards range, and is also effective against concrete strong-points up to a range of 350 yards. Developed and produced in an unusually short time, it is being turned out in quantity in factories all over the country.

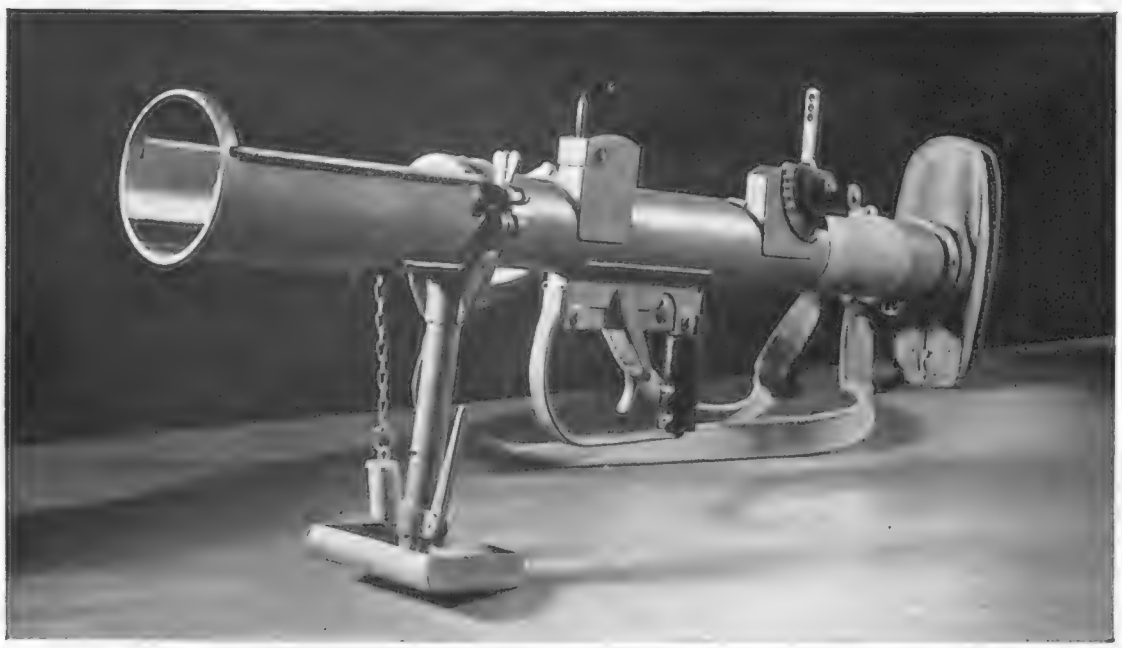
The light weight of P.I.A.T. (33-lb. compared with the 35-lb. of the standard British anti-tank rifle) enables it to be carried easily into the front line. It is extremely accurate at its most effective range.

The projector fires a 2¾-lb. bomb which will penetrate 4-in. of the finest armour-plate and seriously damage the interior of tanks and kill the crews. At its best range the bomb is as effective as some of the ammunition fired by the 75-mm. field gun. The weapon consists of a light steel tube which encloses a powerful spring developing over 200-lb. pressure. When the spring is released it carries forward a steel rod, or "spigot," which enters the tail of the bomb and fires a cartridge situated there. The explosion drives the bomb to its target and also recompresses the spring so that the recoil is absorbed and the projector is ready to fire the next round. Owing to the recoil system the firer finds that there is a steady thrust instead of a "kick."

The P.I.A.T. has already been in action and has been used effectively against tanks, pillboxes and motor transport. The Canadians knocked out several German tanks with the weapon in close fight in Italy, while a certain British Division used it with great success against pillboxes. One night a sergeant of a parachute brigade ambushed a German motor-transport column carrying reinforcements and ammunition and destroyed several vehicles in quick succession

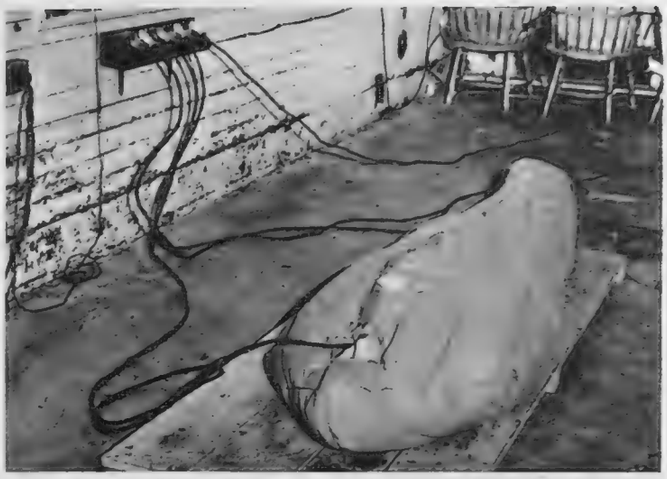


THE NEW BRITISH ANTI-TANK WEAPON: The P.I.A.T. projector, and its method of operation by means of a powerful compressed spring. When used against a tank, its most effective range is 115 yards—*Drawing by B. C. Wood*



***On left*—A view of the weapon when in use in its anti-tank role**

LANDING-CRAFT MODELS FOR PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S MUSEUM: These are miniatures of four types of landing and patrol craft used by the U.S. forces in amphibious operations in the Pacific and Mediterranean. They were presented to the President by the head of a shipbuilding firm which builds the craft. From left to right the models show—36-ft. Troop Carrier Landing Boats; a model of a 37-ft. general utility Patrol and Rescue Boat, fully equipped; and a model of a Personnel and Equipment Landing Boat



TESTING AMERICAN ARCTIC EQUIPMENT: Snug in an Army sleeping-bag, with only his face exposed while the temperature fluctuates between 60 and 40 degrees below zero, an American soldier submits to a laboratory test to determine the cold-resisting qualities of the equipment. An electronic device records body temperatures as they pass through a cable attached to a harness worn next to the body. The sleeping-bag has been designed for the Far North

WHEN A TYRE IS HIT: This colossal tyre and wheel form part of the undercarriage of a Flying Fortress. They were hit during the raid on Frankfurt on February 11 by anti-aircraft flak. The plane had to be landed on its wheels, and the tyre was in consequence ruined

A NEW MACHINE FOR PLACING TELEGRAPH POLES INTO POSITION: Linesmen of the American Signal Corps are here demonstrating to men of the Royal Corps of Signals a new method of erecting overland communications by means of the new "Earth Borer." This machine can dig a hole 9 ft. deep and erect a telegraph-pole in the rapid space of one-and-a-half minutes. This is another instance of the manner in which American and British troops are co-operating to ensure success in the forthcoming "Second Front" operations. Master-Sergeant Dodge (in right foreground) was engaged with the Bell Telephone Company of New Jersey for twenty-five years before joining the U.S. Army

THE BOW OF A RUSSIAN ICE-BREAKER: This Soviet vessel, staunchly built to smash its way through frozen seas, has gone into dry-dock for repairs at an American Pacific port. The ice-breaker has served in every capacity from gunboat to cargo-boat: it rounded South America to reach the U.S. west coast after convoy duty with the Allies in the Atlantic

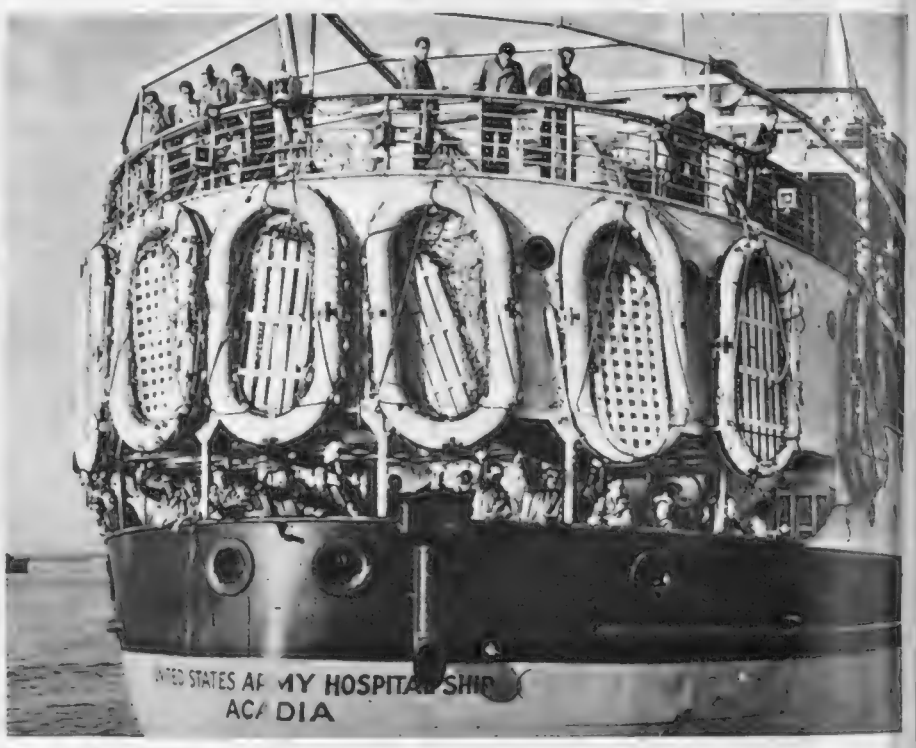
A NEW ARTILLERY TRACTOR IN ACTION IN SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS: This wonderful machine has been officially designated as the "M4 Prime Mover"; it has been designed by the Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Company in co-operation with the U.S. Army Ordnance Department. The Prime Mover is a tank-type military tractor weighing 18 tons. In addition to providing high-speed motive power for hauling heavy artillery, it carries additional ammunition. The tractor is armed with a .50 calibre machine-gun to protect its crew. Although it has already seen front-line service, its mechanical details are still a military secret

AROUND THE BATTLE-FRONTS OF THE WORLD

THE BATTLEFRONT IN BURMA : The 14th Army in action in the Maungdaw area : British and Indian troops of the Army commanded by General Slim have been engaged in ten days of hard fighting against the Japanese forces established in the eastern end of the Ngakyedyauk Pass in Burma. A Japanese attempt to surround the troops holding positions on the Buthidaung-Maungdaw line was frustrated. This picture, from the Arakan front, shows the Japanese positions in the hills on the far side of the valley, just seven miles north of Maungdaw, being heavily bombed by British 3-in. mortars and 3·7-in. howitzers. The picture illustrates the difficult country in which the Burma fighting is taking place. Smoke from shell-bursts is seen covering the distant hills

THE R.A.F. RUN A CAMP FOR ITALIANS in North Africa : Italians captured during the Tunisian and Sicilian campaigns are now employed in North Africa to do various jobs for R.A.F. units. They are paid by the hour. They are allowed to write two letters, or one letter and two post cards, each week to their families in Italy. Above are seen Flight-Lieut. G. A. Carr, R.A.F. officer in charge of the camp ; Sergeant Filippo Conti, one of the Italian N.C.O.s ; and Corporal E. J. Goult, of the R.A.F.

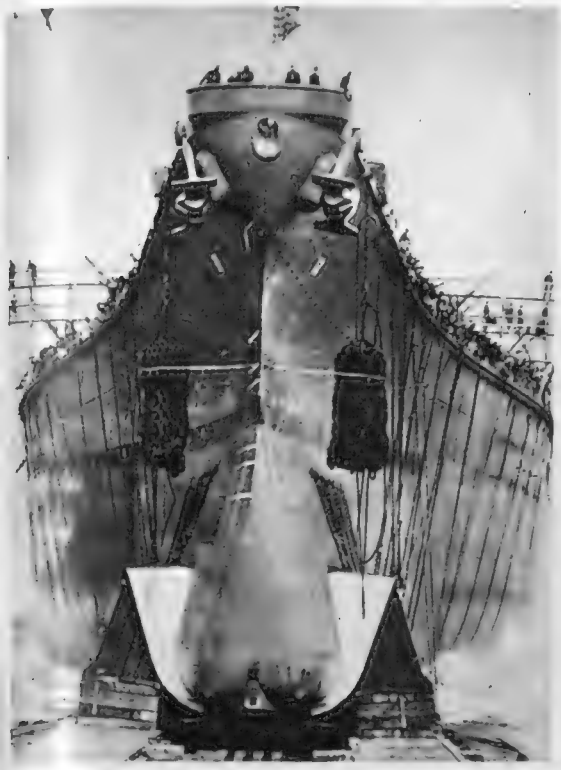
INDIA WELCOMES THOUSANDS OF WEST AFRICAN SOLDIERS : A view of some of the men resting before boarding a train into the Indian interior. For the first time in the history of the four West African colonies, a West African force has left Africa for an overseas theatre of war. The R.W.A.F.F. expedition comprises thousands of the fittest and most intelligent young soldiers, trained and equipped for all the mechanical complexities of modern war. Further intensive training in bush and jungle warfare will ensure that these African soldiers and technicians will repeat their splendid achievements of Abyssinia and the Middle East in their new tasks. Enthusiastic crowds of Indians were at the port of arrival to welcome their new comrades in arms



AN AMERICAN HOSPITAL SHIP CONVEYS THE WOUNDED TO AN ATLANTIC PORT. Festooned with life-rafts, the U.S. Army hospital ship *Acadia* is seen here as she arrived at an American east coast port with wounded soldiers from the European theatre of operations. The *Acadia* is the first ship designated by the Army as a hospital ship to be operated under the Hague Convention. She has a total patient capacity of 802, and she carries a crew and staff totalling 324

MORE MEMBERS OF THE A.T.S. ARRIVE IN EAST AFRICA FROM BRITAIN : A second Clerical Company on their arrival in Nairobi to help in the East African war effort. Their ship was twice bombed in the Mediterranean, but the draft all came through unscathed. Note the new-style tropical kit the girls are wearing

THE NAVY AND ITS GATEKEEPERS : A boom-defence maintenance vessel examining the iron "floats" and the steel cables which connect them across the mouth of the harbour. Britain's ships owe much of their safety in harbour to the ceaseless vigilance of the Navy's "Gatekeepers," the men in charge of the great boom defences round the coasts. They consist usually of a complicated system of steel nets and heavy wire hawsers suspended below the water at various levels from the surface to the bottom, and held in position by giant buoys. These nets are prepared ashore and then towed to "the site" by specially constructed boom-defence vessels. The ships that do the work are a cross between a trawler, a mooring lighter and the old type of boom-gateway vessel. Their most distinctive feature is their high prow, where the hull is sharpened into two massive steel horns, carrying rollers over which hawsers and cables can be paid out and buoys hauled out of the sea. These ships are manned not only by seamen, engineers and stokers, but by a special class of men known as "riggers," who need to be of the finest physique and first-class boatmen

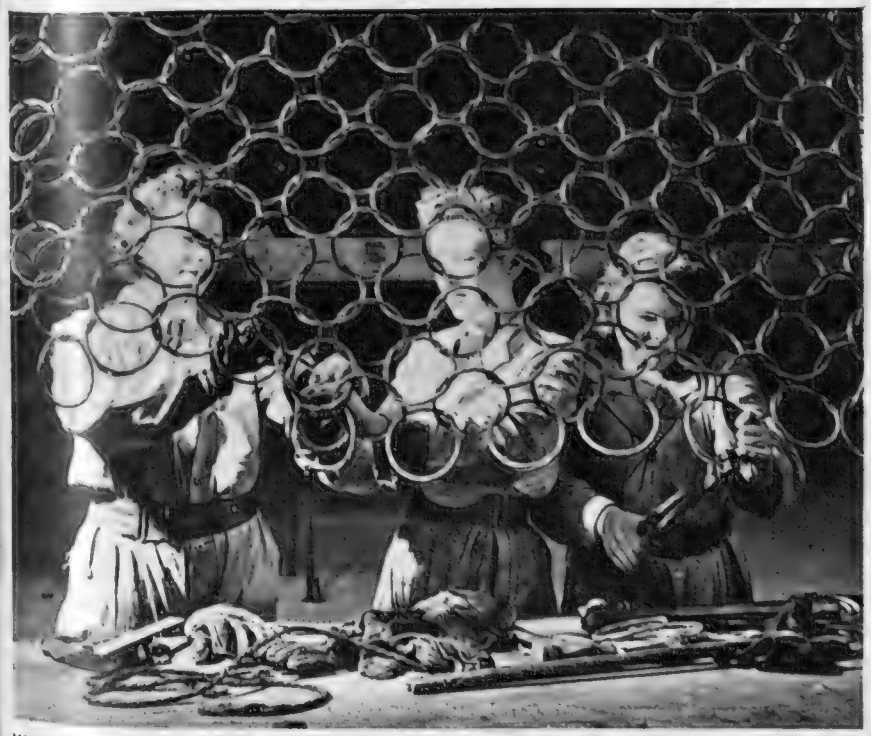


THE NEW AMERICAN BATTLESHIP "MISSOURI," which has just been launched at an Atlantic shipyard. The fourth battleship of her class to be launched in less than two years, the *Missouri* will displace 52,600 tons and attain a speed of 35 knots. Ships of her class are equipped with nine 16-in. guns, twenty 5-in. guns and fifty machine-guns. They carry four aircraft on board

FINLAND SEEKS PEACE: The two envoys in Sweden—M. Paasikivi (on right) with M. Erkko. It was reported from Stockholm last week that Finland had sent envoys to Sweden to seek an armistice with Russia. M. Paasikivi, former Minister to Russia, and M. Erkko, former Foreign Minister, were reported to be seeking a meeting with the Russian woman ambassador, Madame Kollontay, in Stockholm. This picture shows the two Finnish envoys in consultation

A TYPICAL SCENE IN AN AMERICAN AIRCRAFT FACTORY: Down this long room at the Vega Aircraft plant, in Burbank, California, there flows a steady stream of the fast, hard-hitting Ventura bombers. The naval version of this aircraft (shown in the picture on the right) is also under production in the same factory. In another part of the building, huge, four-engined Fortresses are built. For its efficient production methods, this factory was recently honoured with the coveted joint Army and Navy "E" award

THE AMERICAN NAVY'S NEW LAND-BASED PATROL PLANE, the Lockheed P.V.I., a nautical version of the Army's Ventura bomber: At the Burbank, California, plant of the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, the P.V.I. is hailed as the new scourge of the submarine; it may prove to be America's answer to the No. 1 war problem of 1943—the problem of licking the enemy's wolf-pack submarine. The P.V.I. carries "ash-can" depth-charges or torpedoes, and is the first "sub-buster" in production to fill the Navy's needs for twin-engined, land-based aircraft, with adequate range plus both defensive and offensive armament. The Ventura is bigger, faster, more heavily armed and able to pack a deadlier explosive kick than the famous Lockheed Hudson, which it closely resembles. Yet it retains all the sturdy qualities of the Hudson, known to the R.A.F. as "Old Boomerang" because of its ability to return to its base. Carrying more radio equipment than any plane Vega or Lockheed have ever built, as well as spare petrol tanks which can later be jettisoned and which give it a tremendous range, the P.V.I. constitutes a far greater menace to enemy submarines, warships and transports than any land-based aircraft yet built in America. It is powered by two 2,000-h.p. Pratt and Whitney engines



MAKING NETS FOR THE BOOM DEFENCE. This is a torpedo-net, laid to divert the course of a torpedo before it strikes. It is a vital part of the defence of our harbours, ports, locks, firths, etc. The nets are all made on shore, and every steel link is made by feminine hands

U.S. AIRCRAFT NOW TAKE OFF FROM MUNDA: These two planes are bound on a mission against Japanese installations in the South Pacific from Munda Airfield, on New Georgia island, which was taken in the Allied campaign which wrested the South and Central Solomons from the enemy. U.S. Seabees—members of naval constructional battalions—rebuilt the airfield, which had been heavily pounded from the sea and air before its seizure by the Allies, in the record time of three days and six hours

THE WORLD'S LARGEST PUBLISHERS

The Work of the Stationery Office, which has Produced an Amazing Number of Wartime "Best Sellers."

By CHARLES GRAVES

IN a few days' time the bookstalls of Great Britain will be piled high with copies of *Eighth Army*, the latest of the Government publication series of "best sellers." Over a million copies are being printed, and no doubt the ultimate sales will achieve at least double this quantity. As usual, the name of the author (in this case Colin Coote, a London journalist) will not appear. As usual, it will be paper-bound, and illustrated on the American magazine model. As usual, too, one can presume that its publication will be plugged overnight on the 9 p.m. news by the B.B.C. As usual, there are unlimited printing facilities and unlimited paper for its production.

Shortly, too, will appear *Target Germany*. In this, everything is the same as usual, except that this time there are two anonymous authors—Major Arthur Gordon and Major Richard Thruelsen, and the first print is only 500,000.

How is it that these prodigious sales, far exceeding anything of the Penguin or Guild books, are achieved? Publishers reply tartly that, given all the resources of the Government, they could sell as many or more than the Ministry of Information does—through the Stationery Office. "Give us back our printers, compositors and paper," they say in effect, "publicise us on the air, and make the publication 'official,' and you won't see us for dust." The Ministry of Information take a different view. They think that they have discovered an entirely new form of publishing and presentation in which the text and the photographs are integrated more closely than is usual elsewhere.

The real truth of the matter is that these gigantic sales would never have been possible if it had not been for the Government decision to postpone publication of Naval, Military and R.A.F. Despatches until after the war. With the exception of the extremely subedited despatches of General Gort, V.C., after Dunkirk, there have been no accounts available to the public about the various phases of the war. If Air Marshal Park's vivid R.A.F. Despatches (which he showed me in January of 1940) had been published, the sale of *The Battle of Britain* would scarcely, in my opinion, have topped 100,000 copies even at 3d., instead of reaching the staggering number of 4,500,000. Equally, the sale of *Eighth Army* would not reach its huge total if the public knew that they would soon be able to read General Montgomery's Despatches.

A further point is that security reasons have been given by the War Office to prevent the publication of the names of regiments in certain actions until long after the event. And even when the names are released, they are given spasmodically over a period of weeks so that it is impossible for the man in the street to realise what battalion was brigaded with which. Whereas in *Eighth Army* it will be possible to see the whole sequence and battle formations from September 1941 until January 1943.

Another reason for the success of these Government publications is that for the first two or three years of the war some of our war correspondents were inclined to apply peacetime purple prose to their accounts of what was going on at the front. "Handsome, sunburnt men" or "Blue-eyed, rugged heroes" irritated both the troops and their relatives at home. These Government publications rely largely on their attractive pictorial presentation and good, sound documentary reporting, which occasionally exploits the personal story and the operational incident; but they also depend for much of their success on sober, factual, even bald, writing. They also rely on what in peacetime would be a grave disadvantage but in wartime has great attraction—the fact that they are "official."

It may be irritating to an author who has made his name and has a big following to be told that a book written anonymously would have a greater sale than one with his name attached, but it can well be so. Even if Rudyard Kipling were alive and had written *Bomber Command*, it is credible that the sale would not have been improved by the addition of his name. People might have thought that any opinions given or any conclusions drawn would have been personal rather than official. It is certainly the case where the Ministry of Information have sponsored books with the names of authors that the sales have been out of all proportion fewer in comparison with the anonymous publications. In this connection one can instance *San Demetrio*, by Tennyson Jesse; and *Defence of Calais*, *Highland Division* and *Northern Garrisons*, all by Eric Linklater. In other words, the use of an author's name may be a liability, the Government's name being more valuable. Apart from this, these publications were produced more on the lines of a Penguin than on the modernistic American magazine model.

The official authors are mostly Civil Servants and therefore are paid no fee at all for writing these books. Which, of course, is a great saving to the Ministry of Information. Two million pence (on a 1s., 1s. 6d. or 2s. publication) amounts to a great deal of money, and the fact that it does not have to be paid means that there is all that extra money available for the extra use of photographs. Where authors are paid, they are given a flat fee which varies from £80 to £500, largely according to length, £100 being a usual fee for 20,000 words, and occasionally £500 being paid for 60,000 words.

It must be borne in mind, of course, that the Ministry of Information, *via* the Stationery Office, is sometimes stuck with many unsaleable copies. There are still 100,000 copies available of the book by V. S. Pritchett on the subject of the minesweepers. Nor did *Destruction of an Army* sell as well as it was expected. Even then, however, the sales achieved were fantastic compared with ordinary publishing figures. Here are some of the Government publications, not all of them sponsored by the Ministry of Information, for the last two years:

Air-Sea Rescue	170,750
New Income Tax Quiz	440,000
Ark Royal	490,000
Bomber Command Continues	506,000
Front Line (which cost 2s.)	2,000,000
Coastal Command	1,160,000
Battle of Egypt	1,325,000
Roof Over Britain	750,000
Combined Operations	1,500,000
**Preserves from the Garden*	565,000
**Education and Reconstruction*	100,000
**Persecution of the Jews*	65,000
**Make Do and Mend*	1,065,000
**Beveridge Report in Brief*	400,000
**Treatment of Women Under Axis Rule*	90,000

Some of these * are bread-and-butter pamphlets issued by the Stationery Office without any assistance in the way of picture material, format, type, captions or maps. It is possible that if the Ministry of Information had "presented" *Beveridge in Brief* with suitable photographs, at least 2,000,000 copies would have been sold. For there is no doubt that Robert Fraser, the Director of Government Publications at the Ministry of Information, has a fine team, a fine article to sell, a fine time in which to sell it, and a fine idea—of going for the bookstall public rather than for the bookshop public. Everything is in his favour; but he and his Department must be given the credit for breaking down all previous Government publicity traditions of White Papers and Blue Books and substituting for them these exciting-looking publications which have taken the country by storm. What effect the vast sales of publications like *Combined Operations* will have on the sale of books after the war it is hard to tell. On the one hand, it can be said that people who only read newspapers in peacetime have now acquired the habit of reading books. But *are* they books? My idea of a book is something which has a binding instead of the paper-backed novels which could be bought on the Continent and even in this country in peacetime. And I gather that the Ministry of Information does not believe that it could have sold anything like the number of copies of its various publications if, in fact, they had been bound and looked anything like a book.

Which brings us to the further question of whether the Ministry of Information will survive, as such, after the war. The answer is that it cannot do so in anything approaching its present form. It is all very well as long as there is a Coalition Government. But if you have a Ministry of Information, it must have a Minister, and that Minister must belong to the Party in power. This, in turn, would mean absolute chaos if a Labour Minister of Information followed a Conservative ditto, who in turn was ousted by another Conservative or even Liberal Minister of Information. Their Party propagandist methods, which would be inevitable, would cancel one another out and kill all confidence in Government publications.

To-day, the average number of Government publications produced each year is something over 4,000, as compared with 5,000 or 6,000 produced in peacetime. Most of them are extremely dull, by nature of their subject matter.

Actually, it was not until 1913 that Government publications were sold directly to the public, although the Stationery Office was established in 1786. *Hansard* and the *London Gazette* are, of course, Government publications, *Hansard* averaging a sale of about 6,000 copies, unless a really important debate occurs, such as the one on the Beveridge Report. Even then the sale only amounts to the neighbourhood of 8,000 copies. The *London Gazette*, the oldest newspaper in Great Britain, if not the world, is published on Tuesdays and Fridays. Even with its eight supplements, it only just achieves a grand total of 11,000 copies a week. Its origin, incidentally, dates back to the year of the Great Plague, when King Charles and his Court retired to Oxford. Even here the King was afraid that he might be infected by handling any ordinary news-sheet of the day, and so had a special one printed for himself and the Court. It was then called the *Oxford Gazette*, but three months later the Court returned to London, and the Royal newspaper was given the title which it has held until to-day.

To sum up: the phenomenal success of these Ministry of Information booklets is due (1) to the non-appearance of Despatches during the war; (2) to profuse illustrations and American make-up; (3) to their official quality; (4) to unlimited paper and printing; (5) to cheapness of price because the Ministry of Information does not have to foot the bill, if any; (6) to curtailment of paper to publishers, newspapers and magazines; (7) to the direction of compositors, etc., from publishers, newspapers and magazines to the Stationery Office and other Government printers; (8) to the avid desire of the public to read almost anything in print.

Of all these factors, the most important, in my opinion, are the absence of Despatches and the pictorial presentation and close integrating of the letterpress and photographs.

THE MAN WHO WRITES THE OFFICIAL "BEST SELLERS" FOR THE ADMIRALTY: Mr. Owen Rutter, who has published the story of various branches of the Royal Navy. He has been soldier, novelist, biographer, publisher, coconut planter, collector of rare manuscripts, and authority on the life of William Bligh and the mutiny on the *Bounty*. He held the post of North Borneo District Officer before the last war. The opening of hostilities saw him in the Army, destined to serve in France and Macedonia, with the Wiltshire Regiment. When this war started, Owen Rutter had a short spell at the War Office. But he had for many years wanted to write a book about the Merchant Navy, outlining the history of convoys from the earliest times to the present day. He made a number of passages in merchant ships and escort vessels to collect material, and *Red Ensign* was the result. Subsequently he moved across to the Admiralty and wrote the first official booklet about the Navy's *Ark Royal*—which told for the first time the complete adventures of the world's most famous aircraft-carrier. Then came his official recording of the *Fleet Air Arm*. His latest effort is *The Royal Marines*, telling of their great and gallant fighting in this, the fiercest war of all times. This picture was taken at his home, Wargrave, Berkshire, where he does all his writing

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

WAR NEWS - ITEMS IN PICTURES

A DAMAGED LIBERATOR MAKES A CRASH-LANDING AFTER BOMBING TARGETS IN FRANCE: The bomber leans on one wing as firemen fight the blaze in one of the engines. Hit by flak while over the French coast, the American Liberator "Hmm—Wadda Lick" crash-landed and burst into flames on returning to England. The crew jumped to safety and the airfield fire-fighting service, who had watched the crippled bomber land, were immediately on the scene and extinguished the fire

THREE BRITISH AIRMEN who share 220 operational flights between them. What must be one of the highest scoring combinations for operational sorties is that of three members of a Boston crew who have done, so far, 220 operational trips between them. They are Squadron Leader Arthur Keith Passmore, D.F.C. (who also holds the Greek equivalent), of Rochester, Kent; he is a pilot and has made seventy-four trips; Flight Lieut. Cecil Phillip Streatfield, of Edenbridge, Kent (air gunner), sixty-five trips; and Pilot Officer Robert Frank Somerville, D.F.M., of Cheam, Surrey, eighty-one trips. These airmen were together on most of their flights. They are seen above—from left to right

FOAM SPRAYS GO INTO ACTION TO FIGHT A FIRE in the outer starboard motor of the crash-landed Liberator. The man on the left is wearing an asbestos protective suit with the hood thrown back over his shoulder

TRAINING THE GUARD-DOGS FOR THE R.A.F. AND U.S. FORCES IN THE WEST COUNTRY: These dogs, of all types and of all sizes and from all over the country, are trained to guard stores, dumps, aircraft, and other equipment. They are taught obedience by their handlers; they can scent a thief, track him down, and attack when necessary. Amongst the types used is the Old English bull-terrier, handled by the American on the left

PLOTTERS AT WORK AT A CONTROL CENTRE OF THE ROYAL OBSERVER CORPS: Speed is the essence of the whole work of the Royal Observer Corps. The R.O.C. use enough telephone wires to go four times round the world, and it is only because the Corps has what is probably the widest-spread network of telephone lines in the country that information can be passed so quickly and accurately. Whether a raider is flying over the Peak District or the Caledonian Canal—anywhere in the country—it only takes a matter of seconds to send the information on to Fighter Command H.Q. An estimate of all the messages sent from posts all over the country to their centres is over 1,500,000 per day

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

A DEFINITION OF DEMOCRACY.—From time to time various bodies and institutions of all political colours publish their agenda for reconstruction, the planks in their platforms for the re-creation of world order and our own social order.

I read these agenda and it is borne in on me more and more that this business will end, as it is starting, in muddled thinking, unless we preface all our various nostrums with clear-cut and agreed definitions of one or two basic terms supposed to be commonly accepted but lacking a commonly-accepted meaning.

Above all, the term "democracy." For thirty years we have called Britain a democracy and fought to make the world "safe for democracy." I think it is true that the British Empire is in the main (at least as regards the relations of the Mother Country and the Dominions) a fine example of international democracy. But when we call this old country a democracy, we are on frailer ground. Few of many schools of thought would agree on an exact definition of the term. In the Oxford Dictionary its definition is jejune and non-committal: "Government by the people, direct or representative; *the* democracy=the politically unprivileged class." This definition takes us nowhere and could satisfy no school of thought. On the other hand, if we accept democracy as meaning the complete antithesis of the definition of "aristocracy," we are much nearer to a modern idea of democracy in the minds of a majority in Britain. Aristocracy is defined in the O.E.D. as: "Government by the best citizens; supremacy of privileged order; ruling body of nobles; . . ." When we speak or have spoken in the past thirty years of "democratising" anything (e.g., "democratise the residential square gardens"), we imply throwing that thing open to all classes, banning and banishing privilege, liquidating private property rights, *levelling* (whether down or up). No such sweeping implications are to be read into the first definition of democracy in the O.E.D. On the contrary, *representative* government by the people implies classes to be represented, and all sorts of private rights to be safeguarded—the right of the workers to unite and take action, the right of a landowner to safeguard his acres, of an author to his copyright or a patentee to his invention or a housewife to her privately-owned saucepan.

What is Democracy?—What is this thing—this ideal or institution—to which we in Britain give either passionate devotion or polite lip-service? And is it possible by any means (a debate in Parliament or a referendum) to attach to it a clear meaning and an accepted definition? To rebuild Britain without such a definition seems to me like building a cathedral without an architect's plans—and the "luck" of the haphazard building of Christchurch Priory Church is unlikely to be repeated. Many of the innumerable implications attached to this word have their sources in the definitions of its antithesis in the dictionary—democracy has come to mean all the opposites of all the definitions of aristocracy. It is even used widely as a term synonymous with Socialism. Unfortunately, aristocracy itself has no single or simple or common definition, either in a dictionary or in debased form in the public mind. To some it may suggest still Government by the best citizens, or by a few; to others it means the rank injustices of "capitalism" or of a privileged class; to others again it conjures up a picture of a bunch of noblemen in ermine and coronets, or merely implies grandeur or show or luxury. That in its strict definition as a practicable form of Government to-day it is *dead*, that at least would be probably accepted by a large majority. Of all our peculiar national institutions, a majority are no doubt open to criticism and criticised. Indeed, I should say that two alone receive the unquestioned support of a large majority—the Monarchy and the Judicature; and of these the latter scrapes through only because it compares so favourably with the judicature of any other country.

The monarchy is a thing apart. It was certainly never designed for a democracy. But, then, the monarchy as we know it to-day is something entirely different from any example of monarchy in our history before the twentieth century—or perhaps before 1910. It has proved itself unique in its adaptability, its elasticity, its statecraft. It alone of all our institutions has managed somehow to keep pace with the changes in our political thought and social structure. The King of England is also King of Canada and King of Australia, two nations which have a better right to the epithet democratic than has Britain. And, apparently, the King of Canada and the King of Australia are very successful monarchs. No buffer State of an aristocracy is interposed in those realms between the King and his peoples, no nobility there bolsters up the Throne. Herein we observe the fatal muddle of definitions. Aristocracy has ceased to bear any clear political meaning even in England. "An aristocracy" has its definitions and continued existence in social life. But *has* aristocracy ceased to have any meaning? We reject the *theory* of government by a privileged class, but in practice the upper and revising Chamber (shorn of some of its former powers) can only be recruited from, is only open to, a small class of privileged persons, chosen no doubt from all classes, but still largely composed of the favourites of heredity, not those selected on merit.

"The Aristocracy."—Does a majority of the nation sincerely desire to come to grips with the issue? There is no very clear indication that it does. The history of the past thirty years, social as well as political, suggests that neither as an issue in the practice of constitutional or political democracy nor in the theory of social democracy has the continued existence of an hereditary aristocracy been ever a burning question with the public.

On the contrary, Lord John Manners' famous distich: "But leave us still our old nobility," would appear still to be the majority voice of the country.

The House of Commons prefers to leave the Upper House where it is and where it does no great harm, and perhaps a little good. The Peers themselves can agree on no compromise whereby they may set their house in order or preserve their order against the changes and chances of political trends of thought. The hereditary order continues to muddle along and must do so, so long as the Wensleydale Peerage case remains an authority and the creation of life peerages is restricted to a few Law Lords. And though a few peerages are still bestowed for good service or public generosity, many more creations are to-day but political expedients thrust upon not always willing members of the minority parties to maintain some sort of "balance" in the Second Chamber.

In the social sphere, economic austerity and change of thought have profoundly affected the peerage, which was formerly "pegged" to land ownership, or considerable wealth, or great eminence in the higher professions.

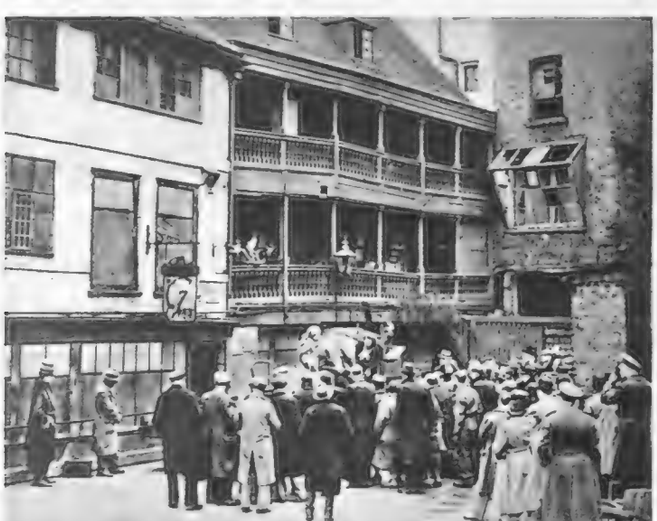
To-day the peerage is very much in the condition of the French peerage, in all save its constitutional aspect. There is certainly little logic in giving to peers steps in the peerage as a reward, and for seventy years no Marquis has been advanced to Duke. There is at least one Duke who refuses to use his title because he has not an income to "support" even a knighthood, and there are scores of noblemen of high rank who live to-day as their cottagers lived in the Edwardian age.

It would be an embarrassing reward to-day to a deserving Earl to turn him into a Marquis and give to his younger sons the handicap of lordship in their struggle to earn a living. And this fact is a fair measure of the present anachronism.

"A Non-Priority Issue."—Nevertheless, the "romance of the peerage" is by no means dead. The general public still is interested in titles. There were up to 1939 journals devoted to featuring the "nobility," columns sacred to gossip about people with titles; and even to-day a sound and authoritative daily journal continues as a popular feature a daily list of birthdays, compiled from the Peerage or *Who's Who*, which includes those of the younger sons, themselves obscure or even schoolboys, of obscure peers! Presumably the feature is popular. Indeed, titles are a perennial draw, and it is a singular fact that neither the majority of the journals which meet the demand nor the public which gobbles up the fare provided have ever troubled to master the intricate usage of titles of nobility, and of courtesy.

Now, in almost any definition of "democracy," the levelling of class-barriers is a recognised item and aim. Does it not, therefore, seem strange that there is in our democracy no firm demand from any political camp to terminate what is clearly a preservation of class-barriers, the bestowal of courtesy titles on the children of persons called to the Upper House, such titles to continue in perpetuity, by privilege and not by merit, to the children of the eldest son? One stroke of the legislative pen could end the anomaly. The Wensleydale authority could be reversed. Is there any urgent demand anywhere that it should be reversed? I do not think so. Neither politically nor socially does a majority voice cry out for a change or stress the anomaly of the continuance of this usage in a modern democracy. Its constitutional issue (*vis-à-vis* the monarchy) has never been widely debated. The aristocracy muddles on; the peerage and the Second Chamber muddle on. And baronets (here without even a shade of "justification") are still created.

But, it may be, this "fine old survival" prompts the occasional voice of suspicion raised by other nations as to Britain's right to call herself "democratic."



IN COMMEMORATION OF THE BIRTHDAY OF CHARLES DICKENS: On Feb. 7 each year, the Tabard Players perform a scene from Dickens in the courtyard of the historic George Inn in the Borough High Street, to mark the birthday of the great novelist. This year a scene from *The Old Curiosity Shop* was given, at which the Mayor of Southwark was present. The George Inn at 77, Borough High Street, was a famous coaching house and is one of the very few galleried inns still surviving. It is intimately bound up with the novelist's career

A NEW "HAMLET" BY THE OLD VIC COMPANY: Great interest has been aroused by the New Theatre production of *Hamlet*, in which Mr. Robert Helpmann takes the title-role. He is, primarily, a ballet dancer, and during recent years has built up a great reputation as dancer, mime and choreographer. The present production is notable in many ways—not least for the remarkable settings by Mr. Leslie Hurry, who has been hailed as a scenic artist and costume designer of the highest order. On left and above are two moments from the tragedy. In the upper picture, Mr. Helpmann, as Hamlet, is seen on the right; Mr. Basil Sydney, as Claudius, is seen behind; and Miss Margot Grahame, the Queen, is on the left. The picture on the left shows Mr. Laurence Hanray, as Polonius (in profile); Claudius and the Queen are in the centre; and Mr. Charles Hickman, as Osric, is on the Queen's left hand

ON THE HOME FRONT

ELIZABETH GOES ABOARD AN INCOMING STEAMER AT A SUSSEX PORT : "Elizabeth" is pretty, auburn-haired Mrs. Penney, wife of the head of a well-known family firm of steamship owners. She has made it her wartime job to see that never a steamer leaves the harbour, or puts in, unless she is there to wave goodbye or to welcome it. "We 'd read it as bad luck if Elizabeth wasn't on the dock just before we sailed," the captain of one tramp steamer said. Mrs. Penney's new job started when her husband lost his key man and she took over. The job so fascinates her that she has decided to go on with it after the war

THE FINANCIAL AGREEMENT BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE FRENCH NATIONAL COMMITTEE IS SIGNED. M. Rene Massigli signing on behalf of the French, whilst Mr. Duff Cooper looks on. On February 8 a Financial Agreement was signed on the lines of the Agreement which was concluded between France and Great Britain in 1939. It lays emphasis on the need for continuous consultation to ensure smooth working and to maintain, so far as the exigencies of war permit, an equilibrium between the amount of sterling and francs held under the Agreement. The Agreement fixes the rate of exchange as 200 francs to one pound sterling, and provides that no change shall be made therein without consultation between the two parties. The signatories were : for Great Britain, Mr. Duff Cooper, Ambassador to the French Committee of National Liberation ; for the French, M. Rene Massigli, Foreign Minister of the French Committee of National Liberation

THE FIRST WOMAN CHAIRMAN OF HER UNION : For the first time in its history the British Clothing Workers' trade union has a woman as its national chairman. She is Miss E. Maycock, who has been unanimously elected for the next two years as chairman of the Executive Board of the National Union of Tailors and Garment Workers. She has given long service to the Trade Union movement in her area

THE FIRST "CHARTER CLUB" AT OXFORD : Sergeant Laurence Scott, of Hollywood, takes lessons in puppet-making. This institution is based on the principles of the Atlantic Charter. Here many American soldiers and nurses have obtained real appreciation of the English character and have made friendships which will long survive the war. Sir David Ross, Vice-Chancellor, presides over and gives helpful guidance to the Charter Club's members. It is free from official propaganda as well as from any party or sectarian bias

THE BOXING PADRE OF FIGHTER COMMAND : The Rev. H. Storr conducting a short service for fighter pilots at a dispersal hut. The Rev. Hugh Storr, twenty-nine-year-old, 6-ft.-tall boxing padre of a front-line Fighter Station in the south of England, is organising inter-Station boxing tournaments in which he plans to fight himself. As a preliminary step to these inter-Station tournaments, the Rev. H. Storr has started boxing nights on his station. He was ordained at Coventry Cathedral in 1938, and joined the R.A.F. in July last year from his parish of St. Mary's, Bridport, Dorset. He comes from Matfield, in Kent. When at Oxford, he represented the University in light-heavyweight matches and won five out of his six contests

WOMEN FOR THE CHURCH : A picture from the Rochester and Southwark Diocesan Deaconess House in Clapham, showing students practising Bible-reading in the Chapel. Women in London and the provinces are being released from war factories to take up training for full-time church work. The 320 deaconesses in Britain now wear navy blue cassocks, just above the ankle, half-veils and small hats. But the deaconesses of the future will wear more up-to-date dress if the Committee's recommendation (set up by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York) are put into operation. Training of deaconesses takes roughly five years. Under the new proposals, girls would go into training at nineteen and become attached to churches as deaconesses at twenty-four

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

TALES FOR THE STORY-LOVER

Two Ghosts of Berkeley Square; The English Debut of an American Best-Seller; Two Novels for the Crime-conscious

THE opening of the new novel, NO NIGHTINGALES (Joseph. 9s. 6d.), by Mr. Caryl Brahms and Mr. S. J. Simon, is a delightful indication of the fun that is to follow. "'A beautiful house,' said the Estate Agent, 'complete with all modern conveniences.' A sedan chair went whizzing by. An old lady poked her head out of it. 'Take me round Berkeley Square again,' she ordered. 'I shall be too early for my appointment.' The bearers would have exchanged glances if they could, but, North and South in the shafts, the chair was in their line of vision. They muttered and trotted on. 'The Duchess of Marlborough,' said the Estate Agent impressed. 'Her servants adore her,' he added dubiously."

There were two old gentlemen with the estate agent, late of Queen Anne's Army and prospective

A SCOTTISH W.A.A.F. HONOURED BY THE UNITED STATES: Leading Aircraftwoman Isabella G. Leask, of Aberdeen, who was decorated by General Spaatz, commanding the U.S. Strategic Bombing Force, with the American Legion of Merit. L.A.C.W. Leask, while on duty, located and identified a U.S. formation which had become lost. She made an immediate report and was materially responsible for saving the lives of the officers and men of the formation. L.A.C.W. Leask, who is twenty-four years old, was formerly a knitting machinist in a textile factory

tenants of the house in Berkeley Square. It was there that they gave their parties, studied their maps and shook their heads over Marlborough. It was there, too, that they were both accidentally killed while rehearsing a practical joke to be played on that great soldier. They had been waiting for Queen Anne to come in for a dish of tay, and had got bored and fidgety with suspense, so from that day they were doomed to haunt the house, materialising only once a year, until Royalty should finally visit them.

They were good and lively haunters, throwing door-knobs with abandon at Lady Mary Wortley and frightening the horses of Prinny's carriage. There is little record of what they got up to during Victoria's reign, the authors obviously considering that ghosts of this calibre must have had a dull time of it then. But with the era of suffragettes and Gaiety Girls, they find more suitable material, until, with the last war, a Zeppelin bombs the house to rubble. It is not this, however, that releases the two old ghosts from their bondage, but—at last, at last—a visit from Royalty. The Queen with the flowered toque was driving out to see her battered city, and at these ruins she stopped and mused. Then the two old soldiers, standing rigidly to attention, could gradually and finally fade away.

This is a book of incalculable charm and wit that has all the qualities of champagne freshness and cheer that women are said to find in the buying of a gay and becoming hat. It is a piece of inspired nonsense, and I enjoyed every line of it.

It does not always follow that even the most phenomenal of American best-sellers should have a comparable success in this country. Books about winning friends, books about character determination and books dealing with certain aspects of the present war are known to have far greater success in the United States, where they originated, than over here, and that is both natural and right.

But now comes a best-seller, utterly American in setting, in idiom, and even, in an indefinable way, in the expression of emotion, for which I would like to predict as great a success as the present paper situation allows. THE TREE IN THE YARD (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) is a novel about Brooklyn—and what could be more American than that? About Brooklyn from 1902 to 1919, and about Francie Nolan, who grew up in that sometimes maligned place, lovely, imaginative and immensely resourceful as her life had made her. Francie does not typify Brooklyn; I think even her author, Miss Betty Smith, would allow that. She and Brooklyn grow side by side, and the girl is, improbably, a real part of that unlovely place. The writer must know her Brooklyn very, very well, and certainly she is clear-sighted about it—as much about its cruelties as about its unsuspected kindnesses. As for that tree, it is more than an excuse for a title.

"There's a tree that grows in Brooklyn. Some people call it the Tree of Heaven. No matter where its seed falls, it makes a tree which struggles to reach the sky. It grows in boarded-up lots and out of neglected rubbish-heaps. It grows up out of cellar gratings. It is the only tree that grows out of cement. It grows lushly . . . survives without sun, water and seemingly without earth. It would

THE WIFE OF THE DEPUTY PRIME MINISTER: Mrs. Attlee at the wheel of a Mobile Y.M.C.A. Canteen, one of the many wartime duties which she has undertaken. Every Tuesday afternoon she reports for duty at the Y.M.C.A. depot at Harrow, and drives the canteen round to Service units in the area. In addition to this, Mrs. Attlee is Commandant of the Stanmore detachment of the Red Cross

be considered beautiful except that there are too many of it."

THE RAT BEGAN TO GNAW THE ROPE (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.) is an American murder mystery which may not help us to a greater understanding of our Allies' home life, but which is most assuredly a first-rate thriller. It concerns the activities of an agile little man called Gil Henry; in theory the junior partner of a firm of solicitors, but in practice an enterprising private detective. Mr. Henry's inquiries into the violent death of a citizen of Harpersville led him into a certain amount of trouble, which began with a 60-mile-an-hour car smash and continued through a succession of beatings-up and shooting forays.

There is nothing original about the end of this book, in which the hero solves the enigmas and marries the rich man's daughter, but there is something pleasantly fresh about the fact that that daughter closely resembles a well-bred horse; that Mr. Henry has all the arrogance and punch of a man of 5 ft. 5 ins. in height and that their mutual suspicion and their active slanging matches continue throughout the story, until Mr. Henry very properly finds himself in a hospital bed, with his lady-love looming in the doorway.

This is a story which has all the advantages and disadvantages of its type: the quickly-moving narrative, the pace that is sustained as much in the dialogue as in the action, and the complete lack of any familiar and human trait in its characters. The reader must be satisfied with the fact that he has found a book which at least has a well-evolved plot, and for this boon he should thank Mr. C. W. Grafton.

Did you know that "slow, methodical poisonings were popular among the British, if criminal history is to be credited"? Well, so, at least, believes the detective in yet another American detective story, by Mr. and Mrs. Lockridge. He is an agreeable kind of detective in other respects, and does a competent job of sleuthing in an old New York house which seems to offer marvellous opportunities to anyone homicidally-minded. HANGED FOR A SHEEP (Hutchinson. 8s. 6d.) is a more leisurely piece of work, and for that reason possibly more readable than the book reviewed above. Pamela North is the pretty scatter-brain whose moments of illogical lucidity help to solve the crimes that are committed in her rich old aunt's house, and Pamela is an amusing invention. She flutters a little, but she knows when and where to throw a well-directed china vase in a crisis, and her explanation of why New York is windy particularly appealed to me.

THE KING OF SWEDEN'S NEPHEW IN LONDON: A picture of Count Bernadotte (right) with Prince Bertil of Sweden taken at the Swedish Embassy on his recent arrival in London. Count Bernadotte is the Vice-President of the Swedish Red Cross, and it was he who supervised the technical arrangements for the October exchange of British and German disabled prisoners of war. Since then he has been endeavouring to bring about another exchange, and it is presumed that this is one reason for his present visit to this country

"It's because New York's on the bias," she tells a bewildered taxi-driver. "If it weren't, the wind couldn't blow through it this way, because north-west would be up that way." The taxi-driver's doubtful reply, "Yeh, maybe you got something there, lady," exemplifies the stunned, but respectful, attitude of most of Mrs. North's male acquaintances.

In the course of this book, which I maintain is entertaining in spite of the grimness of its subject, Mrs. North has to deal with an attempted poisoning, with a corpse under the breakfast-table, and with an old gentleman hanged by his neck from the staircase. I can pay her no more graceful and no more exact tribute than to say that she does it all with great chic.

"WHITAKER'S ALMANACK, 1944."

Once again this useful addition to the reference library makes its welcome, if somewhat belated, appearance. It had been hoped to publish in the middle of January, but urgent Government demands decreed otherwise. In order to bridge the gap which might occur again through late publication, the astronomical details for January 1945 have been included in this issue. One would scarcely look in a reference book for exciting reading matter, yet the Diary of the War, with its series of successes in the past year, records the great achievements of the United Nations. Added to this, there are various statistical tables of post-war reconstructional interest.

An idea of the scope of the new *Whitaker*, which is almost a reference library in itself, can be gained from the fact that the index alone takes up 72 pages. The usual three editions are published for 1944—the Complete Edition, cloth-bound, at 10s. net; the Shorter Edition, paper-bound, at 6s. net; and the Library Edition, bound in leather, at 21s. net.

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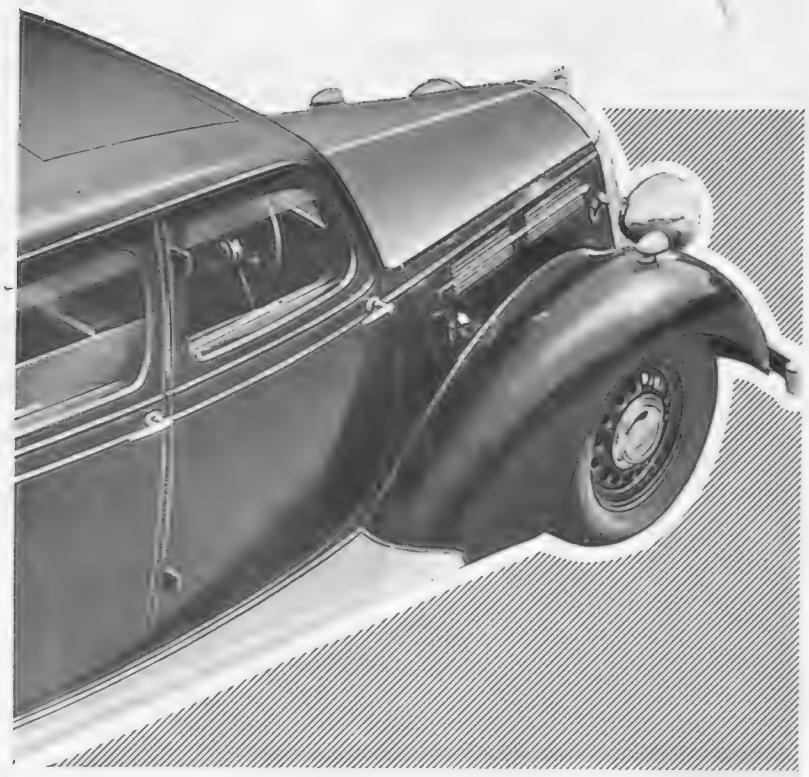

"Count them on the road" was Standard's slogan years ago — count them now! They are a living testimony to Standard's engineering skill and honesty of purpose. All Standard workers are doing other work now, but the day will come...

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To Miss Christine Knowles, O.B.E., *Hon. Director, and* Lord Aberdare, *Chairman.*
BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR BOOKS AND GAMES FUND
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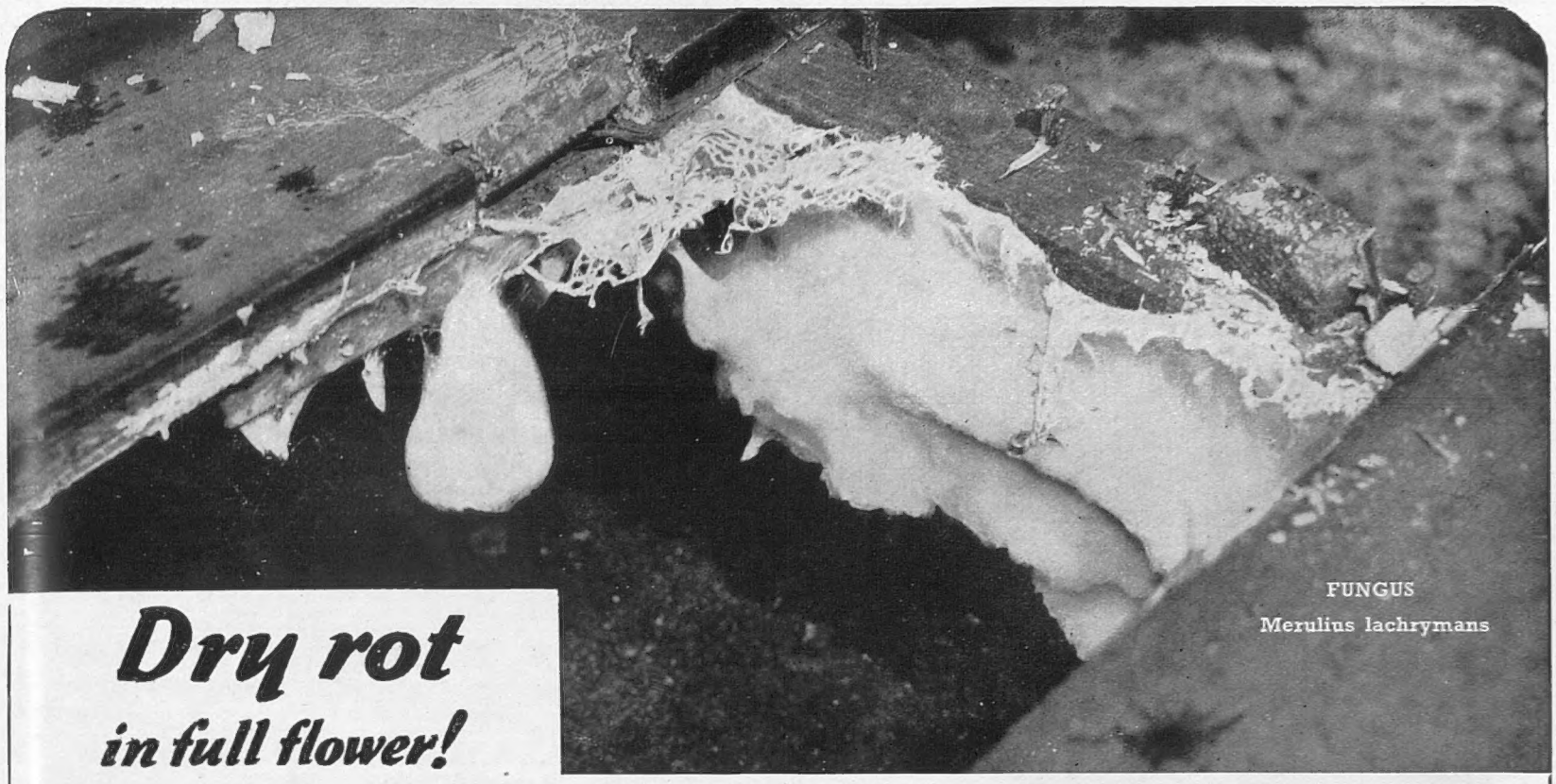
Carrington Hse., Hertford St., London W.1
I enclose £ : : to help our men who are Prisoners of War.
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

IMPORTANT.—If you wish to send parcels to a particular prisoner, please attach details.



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By Appointment to H.M. the King of Sweden.

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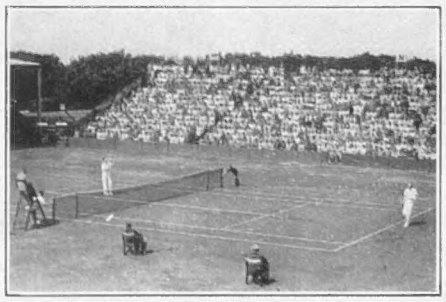

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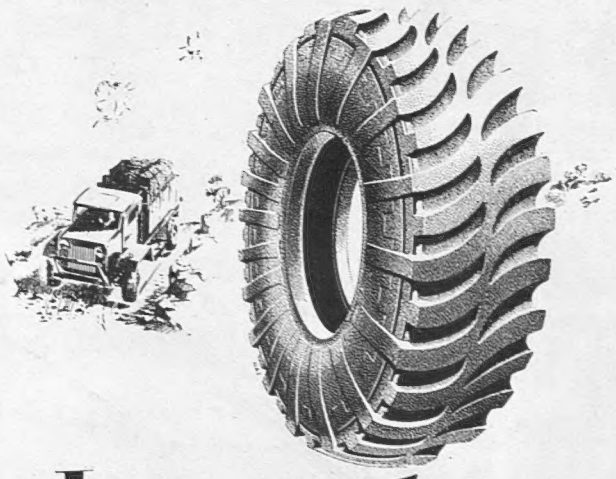
SYSTON, LEICESTER



I am the Tyre...

I am tough and take the jolts and jars on all the broken roads of war. I carry the guns, the ammunition and stores of every kind. Into battle I take our fighting men, and out of battle the wounded and the sick. On the Home Front, too, I have a full-time job keeping the wheels of road transport turning.

The Motor Industry is proud to give deserving praise to Britain's great Tyre Industry, which to-day is keeping pace with the ever-increasing demands of the fighting services in every theatre of war. Final Victory will assuredly depend on the fighting men being in the sectors where they're needed most. Tyres on wheels will take them there.

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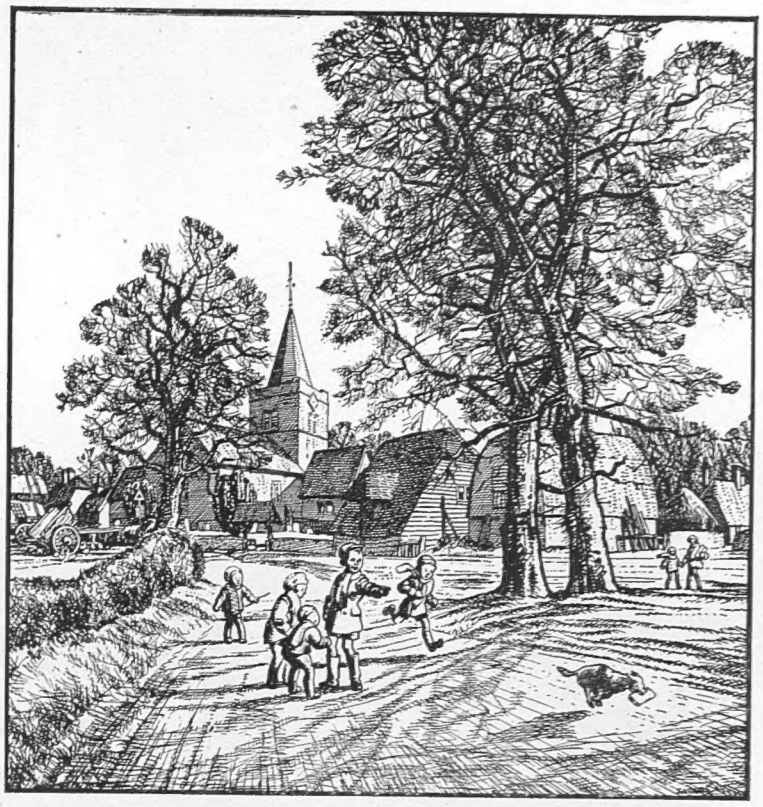

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